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PLAYS AND POEMS

WRITTEN BY

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

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K [Smaller Collections]

WITH MEMOIRS OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, IN THE STRAND,

AND

R. BALDWIN, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW.

M D C C L X V I I .

PLAYS AND POEMS

WRITTEN BY

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

WITH MEMOIRS OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR



LONDON:
Printed and Sold by T. SMOLLETT, at the
British Museum, in Pall Mall.

1784.
R. Baldwin, Printer, in Pall Mall.

THE
L I F E
O F
T. S M O L L E T T. M. D.

DR. Tobias Smollett, an author whose writings will transmit his name with honour to posterity, and whose virtues as a man deserve to be commemorated, was born about the year 1720 *, at a small village, within two miles of Cameron, on the banks of the river Leven †. He appears to have received a classical education, and was bred to the practice of physic and surgery. It is a trite remark, that the lives of authors are little more than an enumeration and account of their works; they are generally so deficient in incident, that, after a compleat catalogue of their writings is produced, nothing more can be added, except the times of their births

* See his *Travels through France and Italy*, Vol. I. p. 177; he speaks of his age in the year 1763, thus: "Annum ætatis post quædragesimum tertium."

† *Humphry Clinker*, Vol. III. p. 41.

and deaths. If fame is in the least to be depended upon, this observation will not apply to Dr. Smollett. It is said, and probably with some truth, that the chief incidents in the early part of his life were given to the public in one of the first and best of his productions, the novel of Roderick Random; however, whether that report is well founded or not, certain it is that he was at the siege of Carthage in the capacity of a surgeon, or surgeon's mate, and in the before-mentioned novel has given a faithful, though no very pleasing, account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition which he censures in the warmest terms, and from circumstances which fell under his own particular observation *. His connection with the sea seems not to have had a long continuance, and it is probable that he wrote several pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions. The first piece we know of with certainty is a Satire in two parts, printed first in the year 1746 and 1747,

H * Dr. Smollett is supposed to have been the editor of "A Compendium of authentic Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series," 7 vol. 12mo. published in 1756; amongst which is inserted a short narrative of the expedition to Carthage, 1741; written with great spirit, but abounding with too much acrimony. This narrative we conceive to be a production written by the supposed editor.

and now reprinted in this collection of his poetical pieces †.

Very early in life (at the age of eighteen) he wrote a tragedy intitled *The Regicide*, founded on the story of the affassination of James I. of Scotland. In the Preface to the publication of this piece, by subscription in the year 1749, he bitterly exclaimed against false patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers. The warmth and impetuosity of his temper hurried him on this occasion into unjust reflections against the late Lord Lyttelton, and Mr. David Garrick; the character of the former he satirised in his novel of *Peregrine Pickle*, and he added a burlesque of the monody written by that nobleman on the death of his Lady. Against Mr. Garrick he made illiberal ill-founded criticisms, and in his novel of *Roderick Random*, gave a very unfair representation of his treatment of him respecting this tragedy. Of this conduct he afterwards repented and acknowledged his errors, though in the subsequent editions of the novel, the passages which

† See p. 203.—About this period, or some time before, he wrote for Mr. Rich an opera, intitled *Alceste*, which has never been performed nor printed. The music to it was composed by Mr. Handel, who finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Mr. Dryden's lesser Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day. *Hawkins's History of Music*, Vol. I. p. 28. Vol. V. p. 324.

were the hasty effusions of disappointment, are not as we think they should have been omitted. Desirous, however, of "doing justice in a work of truth" for wrongs done in a work of fiction" (to use his own expression) in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his History of England, he remarked, "the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this and perhaps every other nation in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression."

"Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttelton."

Not satisfied with this *public* declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr. Garrick;

"DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.

"I this morning received your Winter's Tale, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention."

DR. SMOLLETT.

v

“ attention. What I have said of Mr. Garrick in
 “ the History of England was, I protest, the lan-
 “ guage of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks
 “ I have done him barely justice. I am sure the
 “ Public will think I have done no more than
 “ justice. In giving a short sketch of the libera^l
 “ arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear
 “ mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguish-
 “ ed by a genius that has no rival. Besides I thought
 “ it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to
 “ make a public attonement in a work of truth for
 “ wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

“ Among the other inconveniences arising from
 “ ill-health, I deeply regret my being disabled from
 “ a personal cultivation of your good will, and
 “ the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes
 “ derive from your private conversation as well as
 “ from the public exertion of your talents; but se-
 “ questered as I am from the world of entertain-
 “ ment the consciousness of standing well in your
 “ opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to

“ DEAR SIR,

“ YOUR VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

“ T. SMOLLETT.”

In the year 1757, Dr. Smollett's Comedy of the
 Reprisals, an after-piece of two acts, was performed
 at Drury-lane theatre. He acknowledged himself

“ highly obliged for the friendly care of Mr. G.
“ exerted in preparing it for the stage; and still
“ more, for his acting the part of Lusignan, in
“ Zara, for his benefit, on the sixth instead of the
“ ninth night, to which he was only intitled by the
“ custom of the theatre.” Being informed attempts
had been made to embroil him on this occasion with
Mr. G. he wrote to that gentleman :

“ SIR,

“ Understanding from Mr. Derrick that some
“ officious people have circulated reports in my
“ name with a view to prejudice me in your opi-
“ nion, I, in justice to myself, take the liberty to
“ assure you, that if any person accuses me of hav-
“ ing spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Garrick, of
“ having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or
“ had interested views in bringing it upon the stage,
“ he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman.
“ The imputation is altogether false and malicious.
“ Exclusive of other considerations, I could not be
“ such an idiot to talk in that strain when my own
“ interest so immediately required a different sort of
“ conduct. Perhaps the same insidious methods
“ have been taken to inflame former animosities,
“ which, on my part, are forgotten and self-con-
“ demned. I must own you have acted in this af-
“ fair of the farce with that candour, openness,
“ and

“ and cordiality, which even mortify my pride
 “ while they lay me under the most sensible obligation;
 “ and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an
 “ opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my
 “ gratitude is at least as warm as any other of my
 “ passions. Mean while I profess myself,

“ SIR,
 “ YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT,
 “ T. SMOLLETT*.”

In the year 1748 he published his novel of Roderick Random, a book which still continues to have a most extensive sale, and first established the Doctor's reputation. All the first volume, and the beginning of the second, appear to consist of real incident and character, though certainly a good deal heightened and disguised. The judge, his grandfather, Crab and Potion, the two apothecaries, and 'Squire Gawkey, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene was laid. Captains Oakhum and Whiffle, Doctors Mackshane and Morgan, were also said to be real personages; but their names we have either never learned, or have now forgotten. A bookbinder

* A friend of Dr. Smollett's, desirous of evincing that he was capable of retracting his prejudices, and that his gratitude was equally warm with any other of his passions, prevailed on Mr. Garrick to permit the Editor to take copies of the foregoing letters from several others he had written to Mr. Garrick.

and barber long eagerly contended for being shadowed under the name of Strap. The Doctor seems to have enjoyed a peculiar felicity in describing sea characters, particularly the officers and sailors of the navy. His Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes, are highly-finished originals; but what exceeds them all, and perhaps equals any character that has yet been painted by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times, is his Lieutenant Bowling. This is indeed nature itself; original, *unique*, and *sui generis*. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial for an honest blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

By the publication of that work the Doctor had acquired so great a reputation, that henceforth a certain degree of success was insured to every thing known or suspected to proceed from his hand. In the course of a few years the adventures of Peregrine Pickle appeared *; a work of great ingenuity and contrivance in the composition, and in which an uncommon degree of erudition is displayed, particularly in the description of the entertainment given by the Republican Doctor, after the manner of the ancients. Under this personage the late Dr. Akenfide, author of a famous poem, intitled, *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, is sup-

posed to be typified ; and it would be difficult to determine whether profound learning or genuine humour predominate most in this episode. Butler and Smollett seem to be the only two who have united things, seemingly so discordant, happily together ; for Hudibras is one of the most learned works in any language ; and it requires no common share of reading, assisted with a good memory, thoroughly to relish and understand it. Another episode of The Adventures of a Lady of Quality, likewise inserted in this work, contributed greatly to its success, and is indeed admirably well executed. Yet, after giving all due praise to the merit and invention displayed in Peregrine Pickle, we cannot help thinking it is inferior, in what may be called *naïveté*, a thing better conceived than expressed, to Roderick Random.

These were not the only original compositions of this stamp with which the Doctor has favoured the public. Ferdinand Count Fathom* and Sir Launcelot Greaves †, are still in the list of what may be called reading novels ; but there is no injustice in placing them in a rank far below the former. No doubt invention, character, composition, and contrivance, are to be found in both ; but then situations are de-

* Published in the year 1754.

† First printed in the British Magazine, and afterwards in 2 vols. 12mo, 1762.

scribed which are hardly possible, and characters are painted, which, if not altogether unexampled, are at least incompatable with modern manners; and which ought not to be, as the scenes are laid in modern times.

The last work which the Doctor published, was of much the same species, but cast into a different form—The Expedition of Humphry Clinker *. It consists of a series of letters, written by different persons to their respective correspondents. He has here carefully avoided the faults which may be justly charged to his two former productions. Here are no extravagant characters, nor unnatural situations. On the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is displayed; and most useful lessons are given applicable to interesting, but to very common situations.

We know not that ever the remark has been made, but there is certainly a very obvious similitude between the characters of the three heroes of the Doctor's chief productions. Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Matthew Bramble, are all brothers of the same family. The same satirical, cynical disposition, the same generosity and benevolence, are the distinguishing and characteristical

* Printed in 3 vols. 1771.

features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies or imitations of each other. They differ as much as the Ajax, Diomed, and Achilles of Homer. This was undoubtedly a great effort of genius; and the Doctor seems to have described his own character at the different stages and situations of his life.

Before he took a house at Chelsea, he attempted to settle as practitioner of physic at Bath; and, with that view, wrote a treatise on the waters*; but was unsuccessful, chiefly because he could not render himself agreeable to the women, whose favour is certainly of great consequence to all candidates for eminence, whether in medicine or divinity. This, however, was a little extraordinary; for those who remembered Dr. Smollett at that time, cannot but acknowledge that he was as graceful and handsome a man as any of the age he lived in; besides, there was a certain dignity in his air and manner which could not but inspire respect wherever he appeared. Perhaps he was too soon discouraged; in all probability, had he persevered, a man of his

* Intituled, "An Essay on the external Use of Water, in a Letter to Dr. —, with particular Remarks upon the present Method of using the Mineral Waters at Bath, in Somersetshire, and a Plan for rendering them more safe, agreeable, and efficacious." Quarto. 1752.

great learning, profound sagacity, and intense application, besides being endued with every other external as well as internal accomplishment, must have at last succeeded, and, had he attained to common old age, been at the head of his profession.

Abandoning physic altogether as a profession, he fixed his residence at Chelsea, and turned his thoughts entirely to writing. Yet, as an author, he was not near so successful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. He never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence, relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. The truth is, Dr. Smollett possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character which appears to have disqualified him from currying favour among those who were able to confer favours. It would be wrong to call this disposition of his, pride or haughtiness; for to his equals and inferiors he was ever polite, friendly, and generous. Booksellers may therefore be said to have been his only patrons; and from them he had constant employment in translating, compiling, and reviewing. He translated *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote* *, both so happily, that all the former translations of these excellent

* Printed in 4to. 2 vols. 1755. Since his death a translation of *Telemachus* has also appeared.

productions of genius are in a fair way of being superseded by his. His name likewise appears to a translation of Voltaire's prose works, but little of it was done by his own hand; he only revised it, and added a few notes. He was concerned in great variety of compilations. His History of England * was the principal work of that kind. It has in itself real intrinsic merit; but, considering the time and circumstances in which it was written, it is indeed a prodigy of genius, and a great effort of application. It had a most extensive sale, and the Doctor is said to have received £ 2000, for writing it and the Continuation. He was employed, during the last years of his life, in preparing a new edition of the Ancient and Modern Universal History, great part of which he had originally written himself, particularly the Histories of France, Italy, and Germany. He lived nearly to complete this work, and it is said it will soon be published.

In the year 1755 he set on foot the Critical Review, and continued the principal manager of it, till he went abroad for the first time in the year 1763. To speak impartially, he was, perhaps, too acrimonious sometimes in the conduct of that work, and at the same time too sore, and displayed too much sensibility when any of the unfortunate au-

* First printed in 4 vols. 4to. 1757.

thors whose works he had, it may be, justly censured, attempted to retaliate.

Among other controversies which his engagements in this publication involved him, the most material in its consequences was that which was occasioned by his remarks on a pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles. That gentleman, in defence of his conduct, on the expedition to Rochfort, published a vindication of himself, which falling under the Doctor's examination, produced some very severe strictures both on the performance as well as on the character of the writer of it. The Admiral immediately commenced a prosecution against the printer; declaring, at the same time, that he desired only to be informed who the writer was, that, if he proved to be a gentleman, he might obtain the satisfaction of one from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved both with prudence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpose his good offices with his opponent, in the following letter :

4

“ DEAR

“DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, March 24, 1759.

“*Ecce iterum Crispinus*.—Your generosity with
 “respect to Johnson * shall be the theme of our
 “applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud
 “to find myself comprehended in your league of-
 “fensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself al-
 “ready as a contracting party, and have recourse
 “to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I be-
 “lieve, unknown to you that Admiral Knowles
 “has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical
 “Review of last May, and commenced a prosecu-
 “tion against the printer. Now, whatever termi-
 “nation the trial may have, we shall infallibly be
 “exposed to a considerable expence, and therefore
 “I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some
 “gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken
 “to find out, and talk with those who are supposed
 “to have influence with the said Admiral: may I
 “beg the same favour of you and your friends?
 “The trial will come on in the beginning of May,
 “and, if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend
 “to kick up a dust, and die hard. In a word, if
 “that foolish Admiral has any regard to his own

* Mr. Wilkes, at the intercession of Dr. Smollett, had procured the liberty of Dr. Johnson's servant, who had been impressed.

“cha-

“character he will be quiet, rather than provoke
“further the resentment of,

“DEAR SIR, &c.

“T. SMOLLETT.”

The Admiral continued inflexible; and just as sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer, the Doctor came into court, avowed himself the author of the Strictures, and declared himself ready to give Mr. Knowles any satisfaction he chose. The Admiral immediately commenced a fresh action against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined £ 100, and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench. It is there he is said to have written *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners.

From the commencement of the Review, Dr. Smollett was always considered as the author of it: by this means he became frequently censured on account of articles in which he had no concern. On the publication of the *Rosciad*, the author, considering himself and some of his friends as very injuriously treated in the Review of that work, and imagining Dr. Smollett the author of the offensive article,

cle, retorted with great spirit in his excellent poem intituled *An Apology to the Critical Reviewers*, it appears however he was mistaken in his suspicion; for Dr. Smollett hearing that Mr. Colman had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, the Doctor exculpated himself from the charge, in a letter to Mr. G.

“ DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, April 5, 1761.

“ I see Mr. Colman has taken offence at the article in the Critical Review which treats of the Rosciad, and I understand he suspected me to be author of that article. Had he asked me the question I should have freely told him I was not the author of the offensive article, and readily contributed to any decent scheme which might have been proposed for his satisfaction: but, as he has appealed to the public, I shall leave him and the real author to settle the affair between themselves, and content myself with declaring to you, and that upon my honour, that I did not write one word of the article upon the Rosciad; that I have no ill-will nor envy to Mr. Colman, whom I have always respected as a man of genius, and whose genius I shall always be ready and

b

“ pleased

“ pleased to acknowledge either in private or public.
“ I envy no man of merit, and I can safely say I
“ do not even repine at the success of those who
“ have no merit. I am old enough to have seen
“ and observed that we are all play-things of for-
“ tune; and that it depends upon something as in-
“ significant and precarious as the tossing up of a
“ halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and
“ honours, or continues to his dying day struggling
“ with the difficulties and disgraces of life. I de-
“ sire to live quietly with all mankind, and if pos-
“ sible to be upon good terms with all those who
“ have distinguished themselves by their extraor-
“ dinary merit. I must own that if I had examin-
“ ed the article upon the Rosciad before it was sent
“ to the press I should have put my negative on
“ some expressions in it, though I cannot see in it
“ any reflection to the prejudice of Mr. Colman’s
“ moral character; but I have been so hurried since
“ my enlargement that I had not time to write
“ one article in the Critical Review, except that
“ upon Bower’s History, and perhaps I shall not
“ write another these six months. That hurry
“ and a bad state of health have prevented me
“ from returning in person the visit you favoured
“ me with in the King’s Bench. I beg you will
“ accept this letter in lieu of it, and believe that

"no man respects Mr. Garrick more than he is
"respected by his obliged humble servant

"T. SMOLLETT."

Besides these many other disputes arose with different writers who considered themselves injured by the severity of the Doctor's criticisms; indeed it may be affirmed that seldom a month passed without a complaint on that head, and those not often couched in the most decent terms. But whatever reason he had to complain on that account, he soon after found that the revenge of an author was nothing compared to the rancour of the politician. In the year 1762 Lord Bute took the reins of government into his hands. His promotion was attended with many unpopular measures, great dissatisfaction arose amongst many orders of men, and his lordship found it necessary to employ some able writers to palliate and defend the steps which had led to his advancement. Amongst others Dr. Smollett was pitched upon, and he entered on the task appointed for him with great spirit. In defence of his patron he immediately began a weekly paper which he called *The Briton*. The first number made its appearance on the 29th of May, 1762, and was immediately followed by the publication of the *North Briton*, which in the end entirely routed

its antagonist, and dissolved the friendship which had long subsisted between the authors of the respective performances *. The Briton continued to be published until the 12th of February, 1763, when it was laid down; and very soon after the person, in whose defence it was set on foot, finding the stream of popular discontent too strong to be resisted, relinquished the post which had excited so much envy and clamour, and on his resignation it is said entirely neglected all the persons whom he

* Two months before the first number of the Briton appeared, Dr. Smollett wrote the following letter to Mr. Wilkes:

“ DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, March 28, 1762.

“ My warmest regard, affection and attachment, you have long ago secured. My secrecy you may depend upon §.—When I presume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill these three months, but hope soon to be in a condition to pay my respects to Mr. Wilkes in person. Mean while, I must beg leave to trouble him with another packet, which he will be so good as to consecrate at his leisure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits, and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity and reputation, is the wish and the hope, and the confident expectation of

“ HIS MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

“ T. SMOLLETT.”

§ Relative to Mr. Wilkes's observations on the Spanish papers.

had

had employed to write for him. Besides the Briton Dr. Smollet is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused. The Adventures of an Atom, in two volumes, are known to be his productions.

His constitution being at last greatly impaired by a sedentary life, and assiduous application to study, he went abroad for his health in the month of June 1763, and continued in France and Italy two years. He wrote an account of his travels in a series of letters to some friends, which were afterwards published in two volumes, octavo, 1766. During all that time he appears to have laboured under a constant fit of chagrin *. But the state of his mind will

* A very slight perusal of these letters will sufficiently evince that this observation is founded in fact, and is indeed a melancholy instance of the influence of bodily distemper over the best disposition. To this cynical relation of his Travels Mr. Sterne is supposed to allude, in the following passage of his Sentimental Journey, vol. I. p. 86. "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Bologna to Paris—
"from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen
"and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured and
"distorted—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but
"the account of his miserable feelings.—I met Smelfungus in the
"grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it.—
"It is nothing but a huge cockpit," said he.—"I wish you had said
"nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis," replied I—for in passing
"through Florence I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess,

will be best learned from himself. Thus he writes in his first letter: "In gratifying your curiosity I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours; which without some such employment, would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair." By this domestic calamity he means the loss of his only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the tenderest affection. The Doctor, after his return to his native country, finding his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, ~~he~~ went back to Italy, where he died on October the 21st, 1771, and since his death a monument hath been erected to his memory near Leghorn, on which is inscribed the following epitaph written

"and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.—I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi—He had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and worse used than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at.—'I'll tell it,' cried Smelfungus," 'to the world.'—'You had better tell it,' said I," 'to your physician,'

by

by his friend Dr. Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*, and many other excellent pieces.

Hic ossa conduntur
 TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;
 Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
 Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
 Aspectu ingenuo,
 Corpore valido,
 Pectore animoso,
 Indole apprime benigna,
 Et fere supra facultatis munifica,
 Insignis.
 Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
 Omnigenæ fore doctrinæ mire capaci,
 Varia fabularum dulcedine
 Vitam mores que hominum,
 Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
 Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
 Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
 Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
 Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
 Mecænatulis Britannicis
 Fovebantur.
 In memoriam
 Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
 Per multis amicis desiderati,
 Hocce marmor,
 Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux,
 L. M.
 *Sacravit.

It would be needless to expatiate on the character
of a man so well known as Dr. Smollett, who has
besides

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH

ON

DR. SMOLLETT.

Here
Rest the remains
of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
A North Briton,
Who, sprung
From an ancient and respectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtues of former times.
Of an ingenuous countenance,
And manly make.
With a breast animated by the justest spirit,
He was eminently distinguished
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generosity even above his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveness,
Of true pleasantry,
Of flexibility to every subject,
From his aptness and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning.
The exercise of these talents
Produced a variety of pleasing fictions,

In

besides given so many strictures of his own character and manner of living in his writings, particular-

In which
 With great exuberance of fancy
 and true humour
 He laughed at and described
 The lives and manners of men,
 While
 (Shameful to relate !)
 This genius
 This honour to his country,
 Met with nothing
 In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times
 But what was unfavourable to him
 Except indeed
 Their abundance of supply to his pen
 Of matter of satire ;
 Times !
 In which
 Hardly any literary merit
 But such as was in the most false or futile taste
 Received encouragement
 From the paltry mock Mecænasēs of Britain !
 In honour to the memory
 Of this most worthy and amiable
 Member of society
 Sincerely regretted by many friends
 This monument
 Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife
 Dutifully and deservedly
 Consecrated.

ly in Humphry Clinker *; where he appears under the appellation of Mr. Serle †, and has an interview with Mr. Bramble; and his manner of living is described in another letter, where young Melford is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea ‡. No doubt he made a great deal of money by his connections with booksellers; and had he been a rigid œconomist, or endued with the gift of retention, (an expression of his own) he might have lived and died very independent. However, to do justice to his memory, his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from extravagance, or want of œconomy. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so; and his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. No doubt he had his failings; but still it would be difficult to name a man who was so respectable for the qualities of his head, or amiable for the virtues of his heart.

* In the Dedication of Count Fathom to Dr. —, by which he meant himself, he has drawn his own character.

† Vol. I. p. 139.

‡ Vol. II. p. 14.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE PILLAR *which I have seen*

LATELY ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. TOBIAS SMOLLETT,

ON THE BANKS OF THE LEVEN.

Siste viator !

Si lepores ingenique venam benignam,

Si morum callidissimum pictorem,

Unquam es miratus,

Immorare paululum memoriae

TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M.D.

Viri virtutibus hisce

Quas in homine et cive

Et laudes et imiteris,

Haud mediocriter ornati :

Qui in literis variis versatus,

Postquam felicitate sibi propria

Sese posteris commendaverat,

Morte acerba raptus

Anno ætatis 51

Eheu ! quam procul a patria !

Prope Liburni portum in Italia,

Jacet sepultus.

Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,

Cui

Cui in decursu Lampada
 Se potius tradidisse decuit,
 Hanc Columnam,
 Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum,
 In ipsis Leviniaë ripis,
 Quas versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
 Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
 Ponendam curavit
 JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
 Abi et reminiscere,
 Hoc quidem honore,
 Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
 Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse;
 Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
 Idem erit virtutis præmium!

TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTION

ON

DR. S M O L L E T T.

Stay, traveller!
 If elegance of taste and wit,
 If fertility of genius,
 And an unrivalled talent
 In delineating the characters of mankind,
 Have ever attracted thy admiration,
 Pause awhile
 On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

One more than commonly indued with those virtues
 Which in a man and a citizen
 You would praise, or imitate.
 Who,
 Having secured the applause
 Of posterity,
 By a variety of literary abilities,
 And a peculiar felicity of composition,
 Was,
 By a rapid and cruel distemper,
 Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.
 Far, alas! from his country,
 He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.
 In testimony of his many and great virtues
 This empty monument,
 The only pledge, alas! of his affection,
 Is erected
 On the Banks of the Leven,
 The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry,
 By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,
 His cousin;
 Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him,
 Go, and remember
 This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased,
 But for the encouragement of others:
 Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

By James Boswell

With a new edition of the letters

and a new edition of the

papers of the author

by James Boswell

and a new edition of the

papers of the author

by

James Boswell

and a new edition of the

papers of the author

by James Boswell

and a new edition of the

papers of the author

by James Boswell

and

James Boswell

The life of the author

by James Boswell

and a new edition of the

papers of the author

by James Boswell

and a new edition of the

papers of the author

by James Boswell

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THE
R E G I C I D E:
OR,
JAMES THE FIRST
OF
S C O T L A N D;
A
T R A G E D Y.

THE
REGIMENT
OF
JAMES THE FIRST
OF
SCOTLAND
A
TRAGEDY

P R E F A C E.

WHATEVER reluctance I have to trouble the public, with a detail of the mortifications I have suffered, in my attempts to bring the ensuing performance on the stage; I think it a duty incumbent upon me, to declare my reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary manner; and, if the explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon those who drove me to the necessity of making such an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself, that a fair representation of the usage I have met with, will be as a beacon, to caution other inexperienced authors against the insincerity of managers, to which they might otherwise become egregious dupes; and, after a cajoling

c 2

dream

dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit from having finished a Tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself intitled to some share of indulgence, for the humility, industry and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees; and in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone: but, as early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

—Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late Patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage.—But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination,

craftination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer resist my importunity, and refused my Tragedy in plain terms.—Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation; affirming, that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only; but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf.—Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long; and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other house.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight: but four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it
was

was retrieved by pure accident (I believe) from the most dishonourable apartment of his lordship's house.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste waked my paternal sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but also to new model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in the most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the

mean time, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordship to the new manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance, which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing winter, he would bring it on.—In the interim, my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious manager next season, instead of fulfilling his own promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a play, the fate of which every body knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event, and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune, that attended my unhappy issue, which in the succeeding spring, had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendments, and recommended it to a
person,

person, by whose influence, I laid my account with seeing it appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here too, I reckoned without my host. The master of Covent Garden theatre, bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with any performance which had gained the good opinion of the honourable person who approved and recommended my play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interposed, so urgently in its behalf, with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success, that the season was almost consumed, before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman, who interested himself in my

concerns, to go and expostulate with the vaticide : and indeed, this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand ; and in the mettle of his wrath, pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surprised at the hardness and severity of this sentence, asking how he come to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was first put into his hands ; he answered, that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion—For, the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words—

“ Sir, I have received Mr. L——’s answer ;
“ who says, he thinks your play has indubitable
“ merit, but has prior promises to Mr. T——n,
“ as an honest man, cannot be evaded.”——And

concluding thus; "As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you'll be advised by me, rest it with me."

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was, a message to my patroness, importing, (with many expressions of duty) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer, make such alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with some of his principal performers, he would assuredly put my play in rehearsal, and in the mean time give me an obligation in writing, for my further satisfaction—I would have taken him at his word, without hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyship.—The play, however, was altered and presented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus

Thus have I in the most impartial manner, (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the conduct of those playhouse managers with whom I have had any concern, relating to my tragedy: and whatever disputes have happened between the actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous animosities unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I suffered a repulse when I first presented my performance, I should have had cause to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deserve that distinction, I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in justice to myself, declared that my hopes of success were not derived from the partial applause of my own friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest enemies know) by the approbation of persons of the first note in the republic of taste, whose countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the stage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced observer will own, with indignation and disdain, that every disappointment I have endured, was an accumulated

mulated injury; and the whole of my adversary's conduct, a series of the most unjustifiable equivocation and insolent absurdity: for, though he may be excusable in refusing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or discernment, surely, neither the one nor the other can vindicate his dissimulation and breach of promise to the author.

Abuse of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally overlooked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the situation of authors, who must either, at once, forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themselves so, as to soothe the pride, and humour the petulance of a meer Goth, who, by the most preposterous delegation of power, may become sole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to prostitute his talents so shamefully, perhaps he may never find an occasion to practice this vile condescension to advantage: for, after he has gained admission to a patentee (who is often more difficult of access than a
 fove-

sovereign prince) and even made shift to remove all other objections, an insurmountable obstacle may be raised by the manager's avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain expence on an uncertain issue, when he can fill his theatre without running any risk, or disobliging his principal actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new parts.—

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, “ If
“ I must entertain the town with variety, it is but
“ natural that I should prefer the productions of
“ my friends, or of those who have any friends
“ worth obliging, to the works of obscure stran-
“ gers, who have nothing to recommend them but
“ a doubtful superiority of merit, which, in all like-
“ lihood, will never rise in judgment against me.”

That such have been the reflections of patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the strength of interest or connection with the stage, some people have commenced dramatic authors,
who

who otherwise would have employed their faculties in exercises better adapted to their capacity.

After what has been said, any thing by way of application would be an insult on the understanding of the public, to which I owe and acknowledge the most indelible obligation for former favours as well as for the uncommon encouragement I have received in the publication of the following play.

P E R S O N S

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

KING OF SCOTLAND

ANGUS

DUNBAR

RAMSAY

ATHOL

STUART

GRIME

CATTAN

QUEEN

ELEONORA

Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, a Convent in PERTH.

THE
REGICIDE:

A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in PERTH.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BUT that my duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome office.—Now, when justice waves
Her flaming sword, and loudly claims her due,
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the majesty of kings.—
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?

B 2

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Not to th' ensanguin'd field of death alone
 Is Valour limited: she fits serene
 In the delib'rate council; sagely scans
 The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
 And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
 Of brutal force alone,—

—What frenzy were it

To risk our fortune on th' unsure event
 Of one occurrence, naked as we are
 To unforeseen disaster, when the terms
 We proffer may retard th' impending blow?
 —Better to conquer by delay: the rage
 Of Athol's fierce adherents, flush'd with hope
 Of plunder and revenge, will soon abate,
 And ev'ry hour bring succour to our cause.

DUNBAR.

Well ha'ft thou taught me, how the piercing eye
 Of calm sagacity, excels the dint
 Of headstrong resolution.—Yet, my soul
 Pants for a fair occasion to revenge
 My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!
 Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves

Within

Within my veins, the traitor shall not find
 His perfidy forgot—But what of this?
 What are my private injuries, compar'd
 To those he meditates against the state!
 Against a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd
 That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties
 Of kindred and allegiance could not bind
 His faithless heart: not ev'n the sacred bond
 Of friendship unreserv'd!—For well thou know'st,
 The king securely list'ned to his voice,
 As to an oracle.

ANGUS.

'Twas there indeed
 He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,
 Sooth'd by his false professions, crown'd his guile
 With boundless confidence; and little thought
 That very confidence supply'd his foe
 With means to shake his throne!—While Athol led
 His royal kinsman thro' the dang'rous path
 Of sudden reformation, and observ'd
 What murmurs issu'd from the giddy croud,
 Each popular commotion he improv'd
 By secret ministers; and disavow'd
 Those very measures he himself devised!

B 3

Thus

Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,
 Rebellion glow'd in secret, 'till at length
 His scheme mature, and all our loyal thanes
 At their own distant homes repos'd secure,
 The flame burst out. —Now from his native hills,
 With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,
 Impet'ous Stuart, like a sounding storm
 He rushes down with five revolting clans;
 Displays a spurious title to the crown,
 Arraigns the justice of this monarch's sway,
 And by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,
 To sweep him from the throne.

DUNBAR,

Aspiring villain!

A fit associate has he chose: a wretch
 'Of foul more savage breathes not vital air,
 Than Grime:—but Stuart 'till of late, maintain'd
 A fairer fame.

ANGUS.

A cherish'd hope expires
 In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear
 Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul
 Remained unshaken, by th' enchanting lure
 Which

A T R A G E D Y.

Which vain ambition spread before his eye,
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,
In virtue, valour and external grace:—
For thou sole rival of his fame, wa'st train'd
To martial deeds, in climes remote.

DUNBAR.

O Thane!

Whatever wreaths from danger's steely crest
My sword hath won; whatever toils sustain'd
Beneath the sultry noon, and cold, damp night
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial smile
Of her, who blest' that happy rival's vows
With mutual love!—Why should I dread to own
The tender throbbings of my captive heart!
The melting passion which has long inspir'd
My breast for Eleonora, and implore
A parent's sanction to support my claim?

ANGUS.

Were she more fair and gentle than she is,
And to my partial eye, nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair, I would approve thy claim
To her peculiar smiles.

B 4

DUNBAR.

THE REGICIDE:

DUNBAR.

Then will I strive

With unremitted ardour, to subdue
Her coy reluctance; while I scorn the threats
Of frantic jealousy that flames unrein'd
In Stuart's breast!——But see! the fair one comes,
In all the pride of dazzling charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Something of moment, by a fresh dispatch
Imparted to the king, requires in haste
The presence of my fire,

ANGUS.

Forbear a while
Thy parly with the foe; and here attend
Our consultation's issue.—

[Exit Angus.]

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

9

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ill it suits

A soldier's tongue, to plead the cause of love,
In phrase adapted to the tender theme:
But trust me, beauteous wonder! when I swear
Not the keen impulse, and impatient hope
Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breast,
With more awak'ned transport, fill'd my soul
When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel
At thy approach!—My tongue has oft reveal'd
The dictates of my heart; but thou, averse
With cold disdain, hast ever chill'd my hopes,
And scorn'd my proffer'd vows!—

ELEONORA.

O youth, beware!

Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,
That faithless passion to the view presents,
Ensnare thee into woe!—Thou little know'st
What mischief lurk in each deceitful charm;
What griefs attend on love.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love, and passion unprov'd:
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausted stream!
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace!

ELEONORA.

Illusion all! the phantoms of a mind
That o'er its present fate repining, courts
The vain resource of Fancy's airy dreams.—
War is thy province.—War be thy pursuit.—

DUNBAR.

O! thou would tell me, I am savage all—
Too much estrang'd to the soft arts of life,
To warm thy breast!—Yes, war has been my school—
War's rough sincerity, unskill'd in modes
Of peaceful commerce—Soften'd not the less
To pious truth, humanity and love.

ELEONORA.

Yes:—I were envious to refuse applause,
When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praise.—

I were

I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
 Distinguish'd by thy choice ; and tho' my heart
 Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
 Th' esteem of Eleonora.

D U N B A R.

O ! thy words
 Would fire the hoary hermit's languid soul
 With ecstasies of pride !—How then shall I,
 Elate with ev'ry vainer hope, that warms
 Th' aspiring thought of youth, thy praise sustain
 With moderation ?—Cruelly benign !
 Thou hast adorn'd the victim ; but, alas !
 Thou likewise giv'st the blow !—

— Tho' Nature's hand

With so much art has blended ev'ry grace
 In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye
 With transport views thee, and conveys unseen
 The soft infection to the vanquish'd soul,
 Yet wilt thou not the gentle passion own,
 That vindicates thy sway !—

E L E O N O R A.

O gilded curse !
 More fair than rosy morn, when first she smiles

O'er

O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!
 But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell
 Than syrens, tempests, and devouring flame!
 May I ne'er sicken, languish and despair
 Within thy dire domain!—Listen, ye powers!
 And yield your sanction to my purpos'd vow—
 —If e'er my breast—— [Kneeling.

DUNBAR.

For ever let me pine
 In secret misery, divorc'd from hope!
 But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace
 Perhaps in one rash moment.——

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, Herald.

HERALD.

——From the tower
 That fronts the hills, due north, a moving host
 Is now descry'd: and from the southern gate
 A cloud of dust is seen to roll, the gleam
 Of burnish'd arms, oft thro' the dusky sphere
 Salutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band
 With valiant Ramsay, from the banks of Tweed,
 That

That hastens to our aid.—The first, suppos'd
The rebel train of Athol.—By command
Of Angus, I attend thee, to demand
An audience of the foe.

DUNBAR.

I follow straight.

[Exit Herald.

Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
Inspires the gen'rous aim of chaste desire,
My soul contemplates and adores in thee!
Yet will I not with vain complainings, vex
Thy gentle nature.—My unblemish'd love
Shall plead in my behalf. [Exit Dunbar.

SCENE V.

ELONORA.

Adieu, brave youth!

Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless pains?
And why, alas! am I the destin'd wretch
That must inflict them?—Agonizing thought!
I yielded up my fond, believing heart
To him who basely left it, for the charms
Of treacherous ambition!—hapless Stuart!

How

How art thou chang'd ! how lost ! thy cruel fate,
Like a false harlot, smiles thee into ruin !

SCENE VI.

Enter STUART disguised like a priest.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

The mighty schemes of empire, soar too high
For your distinction, daughter.—Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice
That soothes her wishes most. [*Discovering himself,*

ELEONORA.

Ha, frantic youth !
What guilty purpose leads thy daring steps
To this forbidden place ?—Art thou not come
Beneath that sacred veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging hand of heav'n ?

STUART.

No—that I tread
The paths of danger, where each bosom pants
With keen revenge against me, speaks aloud

The

The fervour of my love—My love misplac'd!
 Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof
 With anger and disdain.—

ELEONORA.

Have I not cause
 To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not chac'd
 All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?
 Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?
 A prince! who cherish'd thee with parent's zeal,
 With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day
 With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?

STUART.

Curse on his arts!—his aim was to enslave
 Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress
 Th' energing dictates of my native right,
 To efface the glowing images within,
 Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud
 The sceptre he usurps!

ELEONORA.

Insidious charge!
 As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day
 In course direct—

STUART.

In idle argument

Let us not now consume the precious hour;
 The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore
 Invites our dauntless footsteps—Yonder sun
 That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees
 Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train
 Of warlike Athol; and before the shades
 Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls
 Will shake before them—E'er the tempest roars,
 I come to snatch from th' impending storm—

ELEONORA.

O impotent of thought!—O! dead to shame!
 Shall I for pompous infamy forego
 Th' internal peace that virtue calls her own?

STUART.

Or, say thy love, inconstant as the wave,
 Another object claims.—False—perjur'd maid!
 I mark'd thy minion, as he charm'd thine ear
 With grov'ling adulation.—Yes, I saw
 Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose
 Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
 The praises of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

Away—away!

I scorn thy mean suspicion, and renounce

Thy passion with thy crimes.—Tho' bred in camps,

Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous and humane;

Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace, to win

The coyest virgin's heart,—

STUART.

Perdition, overwhelm

The prostrate sycophant!—may heav'n exhaust

Its thunder on my head—may hell disgorge

Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease

To persecute the caitif, 'till his blood

Affuage my parch'd revenge!—perfidious slave!

To steal between me and my darling hope!—

The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!

Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!

O lovely curst! restore me to myself!

ELEONORA.

Rage on fierce youth, more savage than the storm

That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid

Too credulously fond! who gave away

C

Her

Her heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
 The woes that from her indiscretion flow!—
 —Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain
 A fairer title and a kinder fate!—

STUART.

Ha! weep'st thou?—witness all ye sacred pow'rs!
 Her philtres have undone me!—lo, my wrath
 Subsides again to love!—Enchantress! say,
 Why hast thou robb'd me of my reason thus?

ELEONORA.

Has Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recal
 Those flatt'ring arts thy own deceit employ'd
 To wreck my peace!—recal thy fervent vows
 Of constant faith—thy sighs and ardent looks!
 Then whisper to thy soul, those vows were false—
 Those sighs unfaithful, and those looks disguis'd!

STUART.

Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart still the same!
 Ev'n while thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender wish
 Awakes anew, and in my glowing breast
 Unutterable fondness pants again!—
 —Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd

By

By Tay's smooth-gliding stream, we softly breath'd
Our mutual passion to the vernal breeze?

ELEONORA.

Adieu—dear scenes adieu!—ye fragrant paths
So courted once!—ye spreading boughs, that wave
Your blossoms o'er the stream!—delightful shades!
Where the bewitching music of thy tongue,
First charm'd my captive soul!—when gentle love
Inspir'd the soothing tale!—Love—sacred love
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp!—

STUART.

In Time's eternal round, shall we not hail
Another season equally serene?—
—To day, in snow array'd, stern Winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores; and spring adorns the year:
And shall not we—while Fate, like Winter, frowns,
Expect revolving bliss?

ELEONORA:

—Would'st thou return
To loyalty and me—my faithful heart
Would welcome thee again!—

THE REGICIDE:

ANGUS Within.

Guard ev'ry gate

That none may 'scape—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?

Discover'd and beset!

STUART.

Let Angus come—

His short-liv'd pow'r I scorn—

[Throws away his disguise.]

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS with Guards, STUART, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

What dark resolve

By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led

Thy steps presumptuous?—Eleonora, hence.—

It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—

I'll brook no answer—

[Exit Eleonora.]

— Is it not enough,

To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,

And scorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep

In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform
The deed ye dare not trust to open war?

STUART.

Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling hate
Defrauds my courage.—Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel
In secret lifted, wreaks with human gore,
When valiant Athol hastens at the head
Of warlike thousands, to assert our cause?

ANGUS.

The cause of treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open war; but still adopts
The stab of crouching murder.—Thy revolt,
The stern contraction of thy sullen brow,
And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal errand.—

STUART.

That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain
A fair interpretation—Stuart's love
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows
To Eleonora, cancel'd or unknown——

Vows by thyself indulg'd, e'er Envy yet,
 Or Folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
 The fortune's of our foe.—Thy foul reproach
 My soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud lord,
 Revenge will have its turn!—

ANGUS,

Ha! must I bear
 A beardless traitor's insults?—'tis not mine,
 To wage a fruitless war of words with thee,
 Vain-glorious stripling.—While thine aims were just,
 I seal'd thy title to my daughter's love;
 But now, begrim'd with treason, as thou art,
 By heav'n! not diadems and thrones shall bribe
 My approbation!—but the king himself
 Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELEONORA, who kneels.

——— O! let me thus
 Implore compassion, at a parent's knees,
 Who ne'er refus'd—

ANGUS.

A TRAGEDY.

23

ANGUS.

—Convey him hence.—

[*Stuart is led off.*]

—Arise—

Remember, Eleonora, from what source
Thine origin is drawn.—Thy mother's soul
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece
That cloathes our northern hills!—her youthful charms,
Her artless blush, her look severely sweet,
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too
Her honour's heirs—

[*Exit Angus.*]

SCENE IX.

ELEONORA.

—Yes—I will adhere

To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;
And vindicate the glories of my race,
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arms
(Which heav'n avert!) to treason add success,

C 4

My

My father's death will join his sov'reign's fall!

And if the cause of royalty prevail,

Each languid hope with Stuart must expire!—

From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I stray,

To pining anguish doom'd, and fell dismay!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. Scene continues.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BY heav'n it glads me, that my sword shall find
 An ample field to-day.—The king arous'd,
 Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!

ANGUS.

I mark'd his indignation, as it rose
 At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern
 To anxious tumult, menacing disdain,
 And overboiling wrath.—But say, my friend,
 How move the rebels?—Are their ranks dispos'd
 By military skill?—Or come they on
 In undistinguish'd crouds?—

DUNBAR.

In concourse rude
 They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike
 With sword and target.—On their first assault
 (Fearless

(Fearless indeed and headlong!) all their hopes
Of conquest, must depend.—If we, unbroke,
Sustain their onset; little skill'd in war,
To wheel, to rally and renew the charge,
Confusion, havock and dismay will seize
Th' astonish'd rout.—

ANGUS.

What numbers bring they on?

DUNBAR.

Ten thousand, as I guess.—

ANGUS.

Ours scarce amount
To half the number: yet, with those, we mean
To hazard an encounter.—Thou, mean while,
Shalt visit ev'ry passage, sound th' alarm,
And man the city-walls.—Here I attend
The king—and lo! he comes.— [Exit, Dunbar.

SCENE II.

KING, ANGUS.

KING.

—The commonweal
Has been consulted.—Tenderness and zeal

Became

Became the parent.—Those have nought avail'd,—
Now, let correction speak the king incens'd!

ANGUS.

Not without cause, my liege, shall dread rebuke
Attend your royal wrath.—What reign shall 'scape
Rebellion's curse, when your paternal sway
Has hatch'd the baneful pest?

KING.

Let heaven decide
Between me and my foes.—That I would spare
The guiltless blood which must our quarrel dye,
No other proof requires, than my advance
To reconciliation—opposite perhaps
To my own dignity.—But I will rise
In vengeance mighty! and dispel the clouds
That have bedim'd my state.

ANGUS.

The odds are great
Between the numbers; but our cause is just:
Our soldiers regularly train'd to war,
And not a breast among us, entertains
A doubt of victory.

KING.

KING.

O valiant thane !

Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found !
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal
First brought this foul conspiracy to light ;
And now thy faithful vassals first appear
In arms for my defence !—Thy recompence
My love shall study.

ANGUS.

Blotted be my name
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,
Regardless of the danger that surrounds
The fortunes of my prince !

KING.

I know thee well.—

Mean time, our care must be, to obviate,
With circumspection and preventive skill,
Their numbers.—In unequal conflict joins
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,
With the broad targe and expeditious sword :
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand

With

With targe to targe, and blade to blade oppos'd ;
 The spears extended form the second line,
 And our light archers hover to and fro,
 To gall their flanks.—Whatever accident
 In battle shall befall, thy vigilance
 Will remedy.—Myself will here remain
 To guard the town, and with a small reserve,
 (If need requires) thine exigence supply.

ANGUS.

With joy, the glorious task I undertake I [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

They halt, and occupy the narrow pass
 Form'd by the river and th' impending hill ;
 With purpose, as I deem, to charge our host
 On the small plain that skirts the town.—

DUNBAR.

'Tis well.—

Thus hemm'd, their useless numbers will involve
 Themselves in tumult, to our arms secure

AN

An easy conquest, and retard their flight.—
 To Angus hie thee straight with this advice.—
 My task perform'd, I wait the king's command
 In this appointed place.— [Exit Ramsay.]

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

ELEONORA.

I sought thee, youth.—
 Ere yet this dreadful crisis shall decide
 The public fate, let us to private woe
 Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,
 Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,
 One moment snatch to hear me, and condole
 The anguish of my soul?—

DUNBAR.

O Eleonora!

Sooner shall the parch'd traveller refuse
 The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd soul
 The music of thy tongue!—What grief profanes
 Thy spotless bosom?—happy! far above
 The pride of conquerors, were I to ease
 Thy sorrow's pangs!—

ELEONORA.

Thy gen'rous heart alone
Can brook the enterprize—

DUNBAR.

O! task my love;
That I more swift than gales that sweep the plain,
May fly to thy relief!

ELEONORA.

Then summon up
Those elevated thoughts that lift the soul
To virtue's highest pinnacle; the boon
My misery demands, will crave them all!—

DUNBAR.

Be it to brave the menaces of death
In shape however horrid, so my faith
And love remain inviolate, my heart
Beats with unusual ardor; and demands
The test, impatient!—

ELEONORA.

Friendless and forlorn
In fetters Stuart lies!—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Ha!

ELEONORA.

From the snares
Of gloomy fate release him.—

DUNBAR.

Cruel maid!—

Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in spite
Of adoration.—Could thy mind suggest
No forward slave, to set thy lover free,
But a despairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impassion'd soul of man to execute
A deed so fatal to its own repose!

ELEONORA.

I fought not—witness ye celestial powers!
To aggravate thy pain.—My mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in silent woe, nor could unload
Her burden to another.—Thou alone,
Hast won my fair opinion and my trust;
And to thy word indebted, honour claims
Th' engagement all her own.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Yet, with reserve

Was that impawn'd : my loyalty and love
 Were sacred ev'n from that : nor can I loose
 His chains, without an injury to both !—

ELEONORA.

Cold—unaspiring is the love that dwells
 With tim'rous caution ; and the breast untouch'd
 By glory's godlike fervour, that retains
 The scruples of discretion.—Let the winds
 That have dispers'd thy promise, snatch thy vows ?—

DUNBAR.

Shall I, thro' rash enthusiasm, wed
 Eternal anguish ?—Shall I burst asunder
 The bonds of awful justice, to preserve
 The serpent that has poison'd all my peace !—
 No, Eleonora !—blasted be——

ELEONORA.

Take heed !

Nor by an oath precipitate, involve
 Thy fate beyond resource : For know, Dunbar,
 The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,

D

This

This morn, my solemn vow to heav'n appeal'd,
Hath sever'd us for ever.—

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm still!

Still as the gentle calm, when the hush'd wave
No longer foams before the rapid storm!—
Let the young traitor perish, and his name
In dark oblivion rot.—

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas!

Supinely savage, from my ears exclude
The cries of youthful woe?—of woe intail'd
By me too!—If my heart denies him love,
My pity, sure, may flow!—Has he not griefs
That wake ev'n thy compassion?—Say, Dunbar,
Unmov'd could'st thou survey th' unhappy youth
(Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope
And pow'r magnificent!) stretch'd on the ground
Of a damp dungeon, groaning with despair!
With not one friend his sorrows to divide,
And cheer his lone distress?

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Can I resist

So fair a motive, and so sweet a tongue!

When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows;

Shall I the tender sentiment repress?—

No!—let me rather hail the social pang;

And ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,

Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!—

—Away with each emotion that suggests

A rival favour'd and a traitor freed!

My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own

Reflection's narrow limits!—Yes, my fair,

This hour he shall be free.—

[Exit Dunbar.]

SCENE V.

ELEGONORA.

O wond'rous power

Of love beneficent!—O gen'rous youth!

What recompence (thus bankrupt as I am!)

Shall speak my grateful soul!—A poor return

Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope

Of fond desire! and my invidious fate

D 2

Allows.

Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,
 With avarice of grief, my private woe ;
 When pale with fear, and harrafs'd with alarm,
 My royal mistress, still benign to me,
 The zealous tender of my duty claims. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Discovers STUART in chains.

STUART.

Curse on my headstrong passion !—I have earn'd
 The wages of my folly !—Is it thus
 My faithless destiny requites my hope ?

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

STUART.

Ha ! com'st thou to insult my chains ?—"Twas well
 My unpropitious dæmon gave me up
 To your resentment, tamely.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

To exult

Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap

Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark

And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.—

'Tis what Dunbar disdains.—Perhaps, I come

To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.—

STUART.

To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n so low!—

Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell untie

These slavish manacles, that I may scourge

This wretched arrogant!—

DUNBAR.

True courage scorns

To vent her prowess in a storm of words:

And to the valiant, actions speak alone:—

Then let my deeds approve me.—I am come

To give thee instant freedom.—

STUART.

Mean'st thou death?

I shall be free then.—An apt minister

Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His secret murders.—

To exile

DUNBAR.

Why wilt thou belie

Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st, my sword
Was ne'er accustom'd to the bravo's stab;
Nor the designs of him so falsely stil'd
Usurper, ever sully'd with a stain
Of cruelty or guile.—My purpose is,
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe
Without the city confines, and restore thee
To liberty and Athol,—

STUART.

Fawning coward!

Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!
Impossible!—Thy fears that I may 'scape,
Like vultures gnaw thee!—

DUNBAR.

When the battle joins,

Thou shalt be answer'd,—

STUART.

STUART.

When the battle joins!—
 —Away dissembler!—Sooner would'st thou beard
 The lion in his rage, than fairly meet
 My valour on the plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou,
 That I should dread thy threats?—By heav'n's high throne!
 I'll meet thee in a desert, to thy teeth
 Proclaim thy treachery, and with my sword
 Explore thy faithless heart!—Meanwhile, my steps
 Shall guide thee to the field.

[Stuart is unchained, and presented with a sword.]

STUART.

No!—Lightning blast me
 If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar!
 Thy nauseous benefits shall not enslave
 My free-born will.—Here, captive as I am,
 Thy lavish'd obligation shall not buy
 My friendship!—No! nor stifle my revenge!

D 4

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
 To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate:—
 What I have proffer'd, other motives urg'd—
 The gift is Eleonora's.—

STUART.

Sacred powers!

Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd
 My soul's full fury!—In the blood that warms
 Thine heart, perfidious, I will flake mine ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my conduct, insolent of heart!
 What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
 That thy foul tongue its licence thus avows?
 To boundless passion subject, as thyself,
 Wild tumult oft my reason overwhelms!—
 Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold wrath
 Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush
 Thy pride ev'n here!—

STUART.

In this accursed place
 Let me be shackled—rivetted with bolts,

'Till

'Till the rust gnaw my carcase to the bone,
 If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—
 Ev'n here, where thou art, lord!—Ha! do'st thou shake?
 By heav'n, thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look
 Confess pale terror and amaze!—

DUNBAR.

—Away!—

Away, lewd railer!—not thy stand'rous throat,
 So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me
 To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, safe
 In thy captivity:—But soon as war
 Shall close th' encountring hosts, I'll find thee out—
 Assert my claim to Eleonora's love,
 And tell thee, what thou art.

STUART.

I burn—I rage!

My fell revenge consumes me!—But no more—
 Thou shalt not 'scape me—Goaded by my wrongs,
 I'll hunt thee thro' the various scenes of death!—
 Thou shalt be found!—

DUNBAR.

I triumph in that hope.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

THE REGICIDE:

SCENE VIII. Changes.

KING, QUEEN, attended.

KING.

Courageous Angus shall not be o'erpower'd—
Myself will bring him aid.—

QUEEN.

Alas! my prince!

KING.

What means the gentle partner of my heart?
Dismiss thy fears.—This day will dissipate
The cause of thy dismay.—Ev'n now, I go
To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay
Fresh laurels in thy lap.

QUEEN.

Ah! why let in

A train of harpy sorrows to my breast!—
—Ah! why in your own precious life, expose
Your kingdom's safety, and your consort's peace!
—Let me restrain you from the field to-day.—

There

THE TRAGEDY.

43

There is no fame—no glory to be won
From a revolter's brow.—

KING.

The publick weal
Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name,
When I reject the call!—

QUEEN.

Ill-omen'd call!
That like the raven's croak, invades my quiet!
O! would to heaven, our minutes smoothly roll'd
In humble solitude, with meek-ey'd peace!
Remote from royalty, and all the cares
That brood around the throne!—

KING.

No, let us scorn
Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,
When public misery implores our aid.--
What dignity of transport feels the prince,
Who, from the fangs of fierce oppressive power,
A people rescues?

QUEEN.

What a dreadful host
Of dangers 'circle him!

KING.

THE REGICIDE:

KING.

Disease confers

The stamp of value upon health ; and glory
 Is the fair child of peril.—Thou thyself
 My conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy mind
 Its native calm regains, and reasons sways
 Uncheck'd by fear——Secure 'till my return
 Remain within, and ev'ry thought indulge
 Foreboding my success,—

QUEEN.

Adieu—Adieu!

Heav'n crown your valour with a wreath.

[Exit Queen.

KING, to an attendant.

Swift, hie thee to Dunbar, and bid him lead
 The chosen citizens——

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.

KING attended, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

O fatal chance!

The traitor Grime, with a selected band,

(While

(While Angus, press'd on every side, sustains
Th' unequal fight) a secret path pursu'd
Around the hills, and pouring all at once,
Surpriz'd the eastern gate!—the citizens
With consternation smote, before his arms
In rout disorder'd fly!—

KING.

Ha! then the wheel
Of fate full circle rolls to crush me down!
Nor leaves one pause for conduct!—Yet I'll bear
My fortunes like a king—haste and collect
The scattered parties—Let us not submit
'Ere yet subdu'd—to arms! [Drawing.]

RAMSAY.

Alas my prince!
The convent is beset—Hark! while we speak
The gates are burst—Behold—

KING.

We must prevent
The pangs of ling'ring misery, and fall
With honour, as we liv'd—

SCENE

SCENE X.

KING attended, RAMSAY. GRIME with followers bursting in.

KING.

What bold contempt
Of Majesty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private scenes?

GRIME.

The hour is fled,
That saw thy wanton tyranny impose
The galling yoke—Yes, I am come to wrest
The prostituted sceptre from thy hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne
Of Walter, whom I serve.

KING.

Outragious wretch!
Grown old in treachery! whose soul untam'd,
No mercy softens, and no laws restrain!
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice
From justice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found

Still

Still turbulent—a rugged rebel still,
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!—

GRIME.

That I yet breathe

This ambient air, and tread this earth at will,
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.—
Wrong'd as I was—my old possessions rest
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd
Within a loathsome dungeon, and my name
Thy loud reproach thro' all the groaning land;
Thou durst not shed my blood!—the purple stream
Had swell'd—a tide of vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud oppressor.—

KING.

Traitor to thy prince,
And foe perverse to truth!—how full thy crimes,
Thy doom how just—my pardon how humane,
Thy conscious malice knows—But let me not
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee
The justice of my reign.

GRIME.

Vain were th' attempt
With artifice of words, to sooth my rage,

More

More deaf to mercy, than the famish'd wolf
That tears the bleating kid!—My starv'd revenge
Thy blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee then :
Or sink beneath mine arm.

KING.

Heav'n shall not see

A deed so abject vilify my name—
While yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood
Still streams within my veins ; my courage soars
Superior to a ruffian's threats.—

GRIME.

Fall on,

And hew them piece-meal.

*[King, Ramsay, and attendants drive off
Grime and his followers ; but are after-
wards overpowered and disarmed.]*

GRIME.

Wilt thou yet maintain
Thy dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,
Thy subjects, guards and thunder of thy throne,
Reduc'd usurper?—Guard these captives.

[Exeunt King, Ramsay, &c. guarded]

SCENE

SCENE. XI.

Enter a soldier to GRIME.

SOLDIER.

A troop of horsemen have possessed the gate
By which we gain'd the city.—

GRIME.

Blast them hell !

We must retreat another way, and leave
Our aim unfinish'd !—Our victorious swords
At least shall guard the treasure they have won.
When the fierce parent-lion bites our chain.
His whelps forlorn, an easy prey remain.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

E

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, Captain.

QUEEN.

WHAT from the battlements hast thou descry'd?

CAPTAIN.

Nothing distinct, my queen—Involv'd in clouds
 Impervious to the view, the battle long
 Continu'd doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
 Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
 Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
 And clatt'ring armour; 'till at length, the noise
 In distant murmurs dy'd.—O'er all the plain,
 Now a dread stillness reigns!

QUEEN.

Then all is lost!

Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke!—
 Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,
 And feed productive woe?—Where shall the groans

A TRAGEDY.

31

Of innocence deserted find redress !
 Shall I exclaim to heav'n ?—Already heav'n
 Its pity and protection has withdrawn !
 Earth yield me refuge then !—give me to lie
 Within thy chearless bosom !—there, put off
 Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down
 The load of my distress !

ELEONORA.

Alas ! my queen,

What consolation can the wretched bring !
 How shall I from my own despair, collect
 Assuasive balm ?—Within my lonely breast
 Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt !
 And while my fire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,
 The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief,
 Can scarce afford a tear !

QUEEN.

O luxury

Of mutual ill !—Let us enjoy the feast !
 To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise
 Our lamentation ; and when sorrow swells
 Too big for utterance, the silent streams
 Shall flow in common !—When the silent streams

E 2

Forbear

Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wail!

O my lost lord!—O save him—save him powers!

ELEONORA.

Is there no gentle remedy to sooth

The soul's disorder; lull the jarring thoughts,

And with fair images amuse the mind?

—Come, smiling hope—divine illusion! come

In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs

Of misery and pain!

QUEEN.

Low—low indeed,

Have our misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam

Of wand'ring hope, how vain foe'er or false,

Our invocation flatters!—When—O when

Will death deliver me?—Shall I not rest

Within the peaceful tomb, where I may sleep

In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks

Of stormy life!—No sounds disturb the grave,

Of murder'd husbands!—Or the dismal scream

Of infants perishing.—Ha! whether leads

Imagination!—Must ye perish then,

Ye tender blossoms?—Must the lofty oak

That gave you life, and shelter'd you from harm,

Yield

Yield to the traitor's axe?—O agony
Of fond distraction!

ELEONORA.

Ha!—behold where comes
The warlike son of March!—What, if he brings
The news of victory!

QUEEN.

My foul alarm'd
With eagerness and terror waits her doom!

SCENE II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

Say, youth, how fares the king!

DUNBAR.

Fair princess, hail!
To you my duty and my speed were bent—
Your royal consort triumphs.

QUEEN.

Lives he then!

E 3

Lives

Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal snares
Which had enclos'd him!

DUNBAR.

To their hills repell'd,
The vanquish'd rebels curse his conqu'ring arm—
He bade me fly before him to the queen;
With the glad tidings chear her drooping soul;
And bear his kindest wishes to the shrine
Himself will soon adore.

QUEEN.

Will he then come
And wipe the tear of sorrow from my cheek!—
Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!

DUNBAR.

Let me not dally with my queen's distress.—
What were it, but to lift incumbent woe,
That it might fall more grievous.—By the faith
Of my allegiance, hither speeds the king,
By love attended, and by conquest crown'd.

QUEEN.

O welcome messenger!—How sweetly sounds
Thy prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the morn,

To

To the sick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,
Brings balmy slumber, ease and hope and health!
O wondrous destiny!

ELEONORA.

Thus, on my queen
May fortune ever smile.—May bliss to bliss
Succeed, a tranquil scene!—Say, noble youth,
Returns my fire in safety from the field?—

DUNBAR.

Safe as thy fondest filial wish can form.—
In war's variety, mine eyes have seen
Variety of valour and of skill:
But such united excellence of both—
Such art to baffle and amuse the foe;—
Such intrepidity to execute
Repeated efforts,—never, save in him
My observation trac'd!—Our monarch's acts
My feeble praise would fully and profane.

ELEONORA.

Thy words, like genial showers to the parch'd earth,
Refresh my languid soul!—

E 4

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

The trumpet swells!

My conqueror approaches!—Let me fly

With ecstasy of love into his arms!—

He comes!—the victor comes!

SCENE III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR:

KING, embracing the Queen.

My better part!—

My soul's chief residence!—My love! my queen!

Thou hast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd

Ev'n too profusely!

QUEEN,

Celebrate this hour

Ye songs of angels! and ye sons of earth,

Keep festival!—My monarch is return'd!

I fold him in these arms!—I hear his voice—

His love soft-chiding!—

KING.

O ye powers benign!

What words can speak the rapture of my soul!

Come

Come to my breast, where, cherish'd by my love,
 Thy fair idea rooted, blossoms forth
 And twines around my heart!

QUEEN.

Mysterious fate!

My wishes are compleat!—Yet, I must ask
 A thousand things impertinently fond!
 How did you 'scape?—What angel's hand, my king,
 Preserv'd you from destruction?

KING.

Heav'n, indeed,
 Espous'd my cause, and sent to my relief
 The son of March, who, with a chosen few,
 Deliver'd me from Grime:—Thence to the field
 We speeded, and accomplish'd what the sword
 Of Angus had well nigh atchiev'd before.

QUEEN TO DUNBAR.

How shall acknowledgment enough reward
 Thy worth unparallel'd?

KING.

Now, by my throne!
 Not my own issue shall engrois me, more
 Than

Than thou, heroic youth!—Th' insulting foe,
 In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven
 To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent
 An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.—
 An audience have I promis'd.—Ere the hour
 Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath
 Refresh my weary'd limbs.—

[Exeunt King, Queen, attendants.]

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Renown, to-day
 Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head,

DUNBAR.

What boots it, that my fortune decks me thus
 With unsubstantial plumes; when my heart groans
 Beneath the gay caparison, and love
 With unrequitted passion wounds my soul!

ELEONORA.

Is unpropitious love unknown to me?
 To me for ever doom'd (alas!) to nurse
 The slow-consuming fire.—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR,

Heav'ns!—what are all

The boasted charms, that with such wond'rous power
Attach thee to my rival?—Far from me
Be the vain arrogance of pride, to vaunt
Excelling talents; yet I fain would learn,
On what admir'd accomplishment of Stuart,
Thy preference is fix'd.—

ELEONORA.

Alas! Dunbar,

My judgment, weak and erring as it is,
Too well discerns on whom I should bestow
My love and my esteem:—But trust me, youth,
Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean
The mind from darling habits long indulg'd!
I know that Stuart sinks into reproach:
Immers'd in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
By thy superior merit and success:
Yet even this Stuart,—for I would not wrong
Thine expectation,—still retains a part
Of my compassion—nay, I fear, my love!
Would'st thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of kings,
Disgrace

Disgrace thy qualities, and brook the prize
Of a divided heart?—

DUNBAR.

No!—witness heav'n
I love not on such terms!—Am I then doom'd,
Unfeeling maid! for ever, to deplore
Thy unabating rigour!—The rude flint
Yields to th' incessant drop; but Eleonora,
Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains—
Unmov'd by my complaint!

ELEONORA.

My father comes!
Let me, with pious ravishment, embrace
His martial knees, and bless the guardian power
That screen'd him in the battle!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Rise my child,
Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild
As the soft breeze that fans the summer eve!—

Such

Such innocence endearing, gently stole
 Into my youthful bosom, and awak'd
 Loves tender languishment, when to my view
 Thy mother first display'd her virgin bloom!

[Turning to Dunbar.]

Come to my arms Dunbar!—To shield from death
 A parent, is the venerable act
 Of the most pious duty.—Thus adopted,
 Henceforward be my son!—The rebel chiefs
 Secure in my safe-conduct, wait without
 The promis'd audience.—To the king repair,
 And signify their presence.—

[Exit Dunbar.]

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Eleonora,

Behold the undaunted youth, who stept between
 The stroke of fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,
 And by the foe furrounded, I had sunk
 A victim to barbarity enrag'd;
 If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,
 Had not that instant, to my rescue sprung.—

Nay,

Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm
 Releas'd, I know not, headlong rush'd against me,
 My vigilant deliver oppos'd
 The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest
 Soon prostrate fell.—

ELEONORA.

Ha! fell—Is Stuart slain?

O! speak my father.—

ANGUS.

Wherefore this alarm!

Let me not find thy bosom entertain
 A sentiment unworthy of thy name!—
 The gen'rous victor gave him back his life;
 And cry'd aloud, "This sacrifice I make
 "For Eleonora's love."—

ELEONORA.

O matchless youth!

His virtues conquer'd my esteem, before:
 But now, my grateful sentiment inflames
 Ev'n to a sister's zeal!

ANGUS.

With rigid power

I would not bridle thy reluctant thought;

Yet,

Yet, let me, with parental care, commend
The passion of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

A fairer garb
His title could not wear :—But when I think
What rocks in secret lie—what tempests rise
On love's deceitful voyage; my timid soul
Recoils affrighted, and with horror shuns
Th' inviting calm!—

ANGUS.

Retire, my child, and weight
The diff'rent claims.—Here, glory, love and truth
Implore thy smiles :—There, vice with brutal rage
Would force thee to his wishes.—But too long
I tarry in this place.—I must attend
My sov'reign in his interview with Athol. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Changes to another apartment.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

What we to fortune ow'd, our arms have paid :
But let us now, the changeling pow'r renounce.—

Unhappy

64 THE REGICIDE:

Unhappy those, who hazard their designs
On her without reserve !—

GRIME:

Our plan pursu'd
A purpose more assur'd :—With conquest crown'd,
Our aim indeed, a fairer wreath had worn :
But that deny'd, on terms of darker hue
Our swords shall force success !—

ATHOL.

Th' approaching scene
Demands our utmost arts ! not with tame fights
To bend before his throne, and supplicate
His clemency, like slaves ; nor to provoke
With pride of speech, his anger half appeas'd :
But with submission mingle (as we speak)
A conscious dignity of soul, prepar'd
For all events.—

GRIME.

Without the city-walls,
The southern troops encamp'd, already fill
The festal bowl, to celebrate the day.—

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

By heav'n! their flush'd intemperance will yield
 Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie,
 With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that lurk
 Behind th' adjacent hills, shall in the dark,
 Approach the gate when our associate Cattan
 Commands the guard; then introduc'd by him,
 We take, with ease, possession of the town,
 And hither move unmark'd.—

GRIME.

Here, if we fail,
 May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath
 My well-try'd dagger; nor my hungry hate
 Enjoy the sav'ry steam of hostile gore!

ATHOL.

How my fir'd soul anticipates the joy!
 I see me seated in the regal chair,
 Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power!—
 But this important enterprize demands
 More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart
 Will much avail: but his unpractic'd youth

F

To

To doubts and scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last resolve.—

GRIME.

It shall be mine,
To rouse his passion to the pitch requir'd.—
But soft!—who comes?—Ten thousand curses load
Th' ambitious stripling!

Enter DUNBAR.

By the king's command,
I come to guide you to the throne.

ATHOL.

'Tis well.—

[Exit

SCENE VIII.

Discovers the KING seated. ANGUS, attendants.

Enter ATHOL, GRIME, introduced by DUNBAR.

KING.

It is not well—it is not well we meet
On terms like these!—I should have found in Athol
A trusty counsellor and steady friend;

And

And better would it suit thy rev'rend age;
 Thy station, quality, and kindred blood,
 To hush ill-judging clamour, and cement
 Divided factions to my throne again,
 Than thus embroil the state.—

ATHOL.

My present aim
 Is to repair, not widen more, the breach
 That discord made between us: this, my liege,
 Not harsh reproaches, or severe rebuke
 Will e'er effectuate:—No—let us rather,
 On terms which equally become us both,
 Our int'rests re-unite.

KING.

Hah!—reunite!
 By heav'n, thy proud demeanor more befits
 A sov'reign than a subject!—Reunite!—
 How durst thou sever from thy faith, old lord!
 And with an helmet load that hoary head
 To wage rebellious war!

ATHOL.

The sword of Athol

Was never drawn but to redress the wrongs
His country suffer'd.—

KING.

Dar'st thou to my face,
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful traitor? Is it thus, thy guilt
My clemency implores?

ATHOL.

Not yet so low
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your footstool:—In our camp remain
Ten thousand vig'rous mountaineers, who long
Their honours to retrieve.—

KING, rising hastily.

Swift, hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive adherents back! —
Away.—Now by the mighty soul of Bruce!
Thou shalt be met.—And if thy savage clans
Abide us in the plain, we soon will tread
Rebellion into dust.—Why move ye not?
Conduct them to their camp.—

ATHOL.

Forgive, my prince,

If on my own integrity of heart
 Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound
 Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,
 But with your measures ill-advis'd, I warr'd:
 Your sacred person, family and throne
 My purpose still rever'd,—

KING.

O wretched plea!

To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!
 Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue
 With honest freedom boldly should have spoke
 Thy discontent.—Ye live not in a reign
 Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,
 Dares not maintain her state.—I charge thee, say
 What lawless measures has my pow'r pursu'd?

ATHOL.

I come, to mitigate your royal wrath
 With sorrow and submission; not to sum
 The motives which compell'd me to the field.—

KING.

I found your miserable state reduc'd
 To ruin and despair:—Your cities drench'd
 In mutual slaughter, desolate your plains:
 All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:—
 No industry, save what with hands impure
 Distress'd the commonwealth:—No laws in force,
 To screen the poor and check the guilty great;
 While squalid Famine join'd her sister fiend
 Devouring Pestilence, to curse the scene!—
 I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redress'd the whole:
 And lo! my recompence!—But I relapse.—
 What is your suit?—

ATHOL.

We sue, my liege, for peace.—

KING.

Say, that my lenity shall grant your prayer,
 How, for the future, shall I rest assur'd
 Of your allegiance?

ATHOL.

Stuart shall be left
 The pledge of our behaviour.—

KING.

A TRAGEDY.

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KING.

And your arms
Ere noon to-morrow, shall be yielded up.

ATHOL.

This too, shall be perform'd.—

KING.

Then mark me,thane.—
Because the loins, from whence my father sprung,
On thee too life bestow'd ; enjoy the gift.—
I pardon what is past.—In peace consume
The winter of thy days.—But, if ye light
Th' extinguish'd brand again, and brave my throne!—
With new commotions— By th' eternal power!
No future guile, submission, or regard
Shall check my indignation!—I will pour
My vengeance in full volley ; and the earth
Shall dread to yield you succour or resource !
Of this, no more.—Thy kinsman shall remain
With us, an hostage of thy promis'd faith.—
So shall our mercy with our prudence join,
United brighten, and securely shine.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

STUART.

THIS solitude but more foment's despair!
 Recals—compares—and to th' incessant pangs
 Of spite, revenge, and shame, condemns my soul!—
 O! what a miserable slave am I!—
 Precipitated from the tow'ring hope
 Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' abyss
 Of mutt'ring Horror, curs'd from thought to thought!
 —Hah, Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal power!
 Her hissing snakes arouse—her torch inflames
 My madd'ning soul!—Yes,—if he thus permits
 My feet to range at will; my 'vengeful hand
 Will soon requite him.— [Enter Grime.]

SCENE II.

STUART, GRIME.

GRIME.

Wherefore thus alone?

Thy

Thy noble kinsman, who now parted hence,
 Observes a sudden cloud o'erhang thy brow.—
 Since from the dungeon to his wish restor'd,
 A mute aversion to his love, secludes
 Thy lonely steps—

STUART.

Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd
 The cause accurs'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!—
 And freed by whom!—there's poison in the thought!
 —Am I not hostage of my uncle's shame?

GRIME.

Thou dwell'st on that too much.—Few live exempt
 From disappointment and disgrace, who run
 Ambition's rapid course.—Inur'd to pain,
 The hard'ned soul, at last, forgets to feel
 The scourge of Fate; and, fearless rushes on
 To deeds advent'rous.—

STUART.

Who shall frame th' attempt
 That Stuart dreads t' achieve?—Not pestilence
 Not raging seas, nor livid flames can bound
 My dauntless undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,

For

For thou wast train'd to feats of horrid proof,
 Since, not the voice of heav'n itself can lure
 My honour back again—what pow'r of hell
 Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge?—

GRIME.

Ha! Did'st thou say, revenge?—Hail, fable pow'r,
 To me more dear than riches or renown!
 What gloomy joy, to drench the dagger deep
 In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!
 My fortune thwarted; or essay'd by fraud
 To poison my delights!—

STUART.

Ha! thou hast rous'd
 The scorpion-thought that stings me!—
 —Mark me, Grime,—
 Our baffled cause could not alarm me thus:
 If conquest for the foe declar'd to day,
 Our arms again the vagrant might compel,
 And chain her to our side.—But know, my love
 Has been defrauded!—Eleonora's heart
 That wretch invades.—That ravisher, who crop'd
 My budding fame and sunk me to reproach!

He,

He, whom my jealousy, in all its rage,
Hath singled for destruction!—

GRIME.

He shall die!—

STUART.

Yes, he shall die!—He shall be flea'd—impal'd!
And his torn bowels thrown to beasts of prey;—
My savage hate shall on his tortures feed!
I will have vengeance!

GRIME.

Would'st thou have it full,
Include his patrons.—

STUART.

Ha!—What—shall my arm
Unsheath the secret steel!

GRIME.

Yes.—Strike at once,
For liberty, ambition and revenge.—
Let the proud tyrant yield his haughty soul;
And all his offspring swell the sanguine stream.
Let Angus perish too.—

STUART.

STUART.

O wond'rous plan
 Of unrestrain'd barbarity !—It suits
 The horrors of my bosom !—All !—What all ?
 In slaughter'd heaps.—The progeny and fire !—
 To sluice them in th' unguarded hour of rest !—
 Infernal sacrifice !—dire—ev'n too dire
 For my despair !—To me what have they done
 To merit such returns ?—No, my revenge
 Demands the blood of one, and he shall fall.—

GRIME.

It shall suffice—Dunbar shall bleed alone.—
 But let us seize him on the verge of bliss ;
 When the fond maid's enkind'ling looks confess
 The flames of bashful love : when eager joy,
 And modest fear, by turns exalt the blush
 To a more fervid glow.—When Eleonora
 Unfolds Elysium to his raptur'd view,
 And smiles him to her arms.—

STUART.

Hah !—Light'ning sooth !
 Thy tongue, blasphemers !—Sooner may this globe

Be

Be hurl'd to the profound abyfs of hell!—
 But vain are words.—This is no place—remember,
 He fhall not triumph thus!—Thou haft bely'd him—
 He means it not.—Nor will the fyren fmile—
 No, Grime,—ſhe dares not fmile him to her arms!

GRIME.

Reproach, or mute diſguſt, is the reward
 Of candid friendship, that diſdains to hide
 Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,
 Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, ſhe yields
 Her plighted faith, this hour.—But ſee!—the maid
 Moves hitherward alone!—

STUART.

Hafte, leave me, Grime!
 My foul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!
 Love, jealousy, implacable deſpair
 In tempeſts wheel.—

GRIME.

Thou ſhalt not tarry here!—
 Thy frantic rage may raſhly overturn
 Our whole deſign!—

STUART.

STUART.

Let me not urge again
Thy swift departure!—hence—I come anon.—
[Exit Grims.]

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

When last we parted, love had reconcil'd
Our mutual jealousies; and breath'd anew
The soul of harmony within our breasts.—
Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd
One adverse thought to constancy and me?

ELEONORA.

Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme
O'er Eleonora's conduct; that thou com'st
With frowning aspect, thus, to judge my fame?—
Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?
Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?
And shall my love be to the breast confin'd
Where treason in her darkest hue presides!—

No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
From my abhorrent thoughts!—

STUART.

Not all this pride
Of mimic virtue—not all th' assembl'd host
Of female wiles, how exquisite foe'er,
Shall shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain
Defiles my bosom, since the morning saw
Thy tenderness o'erflow; and heard thy tongue
Seduce me to thy faithless arms, again?

ELEONORA.

Is this the testimony of thy love?
This thy asserted honour! to revile
Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid
My duty—to forget thee.—Do'st thou ask
What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—
There needed none.—The measure of thy guilt
Was full enough before.—Yet thou hast heap'd
Offences to excess: In battle fought
Against thy king; and fought, with lifted arm,
My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!
Know then, the honour of my name forbids
Our fates to join; and it shall ne'er be said,

That

That Eleonora, lost to glory, took
A traitor to her bed!—

STUART.

Perfidious witch!
Thy charms shall not avail thee; for I come
Th' avenging minister of broken faith!
To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—
Or—mark me—punish, with thy guilty blood,
Thy perjury and fraud!—

ELEONORA.

Wilt thou attempt
To gain by menaces, what the soft sigh
Of plaintive anguish, would implore in vain?
Here strike—and let thy ruthless poynard drink
The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd
In Virtue's cause; and ev'ry soil enrich'd,
From wintry Scania to the sacred vale
Where Libanon exhorts his lofty brow.—

STUART.

Egregious forc'refs!—give me back my peace—
Bid yesterday return, that saw my youth
Adorn'd in all its splendor, and elate

With

With gen'rous pride and dignity of soul!—

Ere yet thy spells had discompos'd my brain,

Unstrung my arm, and laid me in dust,

Beneath a rival's feet!—

ELEONORA.

Hear all ye powers!

He claims of me, what his own conscious guilt

Hath robb'd him of.— And do'st thou look for peace

In my afflicted bosom?—There, indeed,

Thine image dwells with solitude and care,

Amid the devastation thou hast made! [Weeps.

STUART.

O crocodile!—Curse on these faithless drops

Which fall, but to ensnare!—Thy specious words

Shall sooner lull the sounding surge, than check

The fury that impels me!—Yet—by heav'n,

Thou art divinely fair! and thy distress

With magic softness ev'ry charm improves!—

Wer't thou not false as hell, not paradise

Could more perfection boast!—O! let me turn

My fainting eyes from thy resistless face;

And from my sense exclude the soothing sound

Of thy enchanting tongue!—Yet—yet renounce

G

Thine

Thine infidelity—To thine embrace
 Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—
 Speak peace to his distracted soul; and ease
 The tortures of his bosom!—

ELEONORA.

Hapless youth!

My heart bleeds for thee!—careless of her own,
 Bleeds o'er thy sorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks
 My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm:
 Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless snow!—
 O! could my death recall thy banish'd quiet!
 Here would I kneel, a suppliant to heav'n,
 In thy behalf; and offer to the grave
 The price of thy repose!—Alas! I fear
 Our days of pleasure are for ever past!

STUART.

O thou hast joy and horror in thy gift!
 And sway'st my soul at will!—blest in thy love,
 The memory of sorrow and disgrace,
 That preys upon my youth, would soon forsake
 My raptur'd thought, and hell should plot in vain,
 To sever us again!—O! let me clasp thee,
 Thou charm ineffable!

ELEONORA.

ELDONORA.

Forbear, fond youth,

Our unrelenting destiny hath rais'd
Eternal bars between us!

STUART.

Ha!—what bars?

ELDONORA.

A sacrifice demanded by my fire—

A vow—

STUART:

Perdition!—Say what vow, rash maid!

ELDONORA.

A fatal vow! that blasts our mutual love—

STUART:

Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart!—A vow!—

A vow that to my rival gives thee up!—

Shall he then trample on my soul at last!—

Mock my revenge and laugh at my despair!

Ha!—shall he rifle all thy sweets, at will,

And riot in the transports due to me?

Th' accursed image whirls around my brain !—
 He pants with rapture !—Horror to my soul !
 He surfeits on delight !—

ELEONORA.

O gentle heav'n !

Let thy soft mercy on his soul descend
 In dews of peace !—Why roll with fiery gleam
 Thy starting eye-balls ?—Why on thy pale cheek
 Trembles fell rage !—and why sustains thy frame
 This universal shock ?—Is it, alas !
 That I have sworn, I never will be thine ?—
 True, this I swore—

STUART.

Hah !—never to be mine !

Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage !—
 Be witness, heav'n, and earth, and hell ! she means
 To glad the bosom of my foe !—Come then
 Infernal vengeance ! aid me to perform
 A deed that fiends themselves will weep to see ! [*Draws.*
 Thus, let me blast his full-bloom'd—

Enter DUNBAR, who interposes.

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

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SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ruffian, hold
Thy desp'rate hand!—What fury 'scap'd from hell,
Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood
Of such excelling goodness?—

STUART.

Infamy
Like mine, deface the glories of thy name!
What busy dæmon sent thee hither, now,
My vengeance to defeat?—The hour is come—
The hour is come at last, that must decide
For ever our pretensions!

DUNBAR.

Whatso'er
Thy hate could meditate against my life,
My nature might forgive: but this attempt
Divests my soul of mercy—

STUART.

Guide my point
Ye pow'rs of darkness, to my rival's heart,
Then take me to yourselves.

[*They fight.*

G 3

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Restrain—restrain

Your mutual frenzy!—Horror!—help—behold—

Behold this miserable bosom!—plunge

Your poynards here; and in its fatal source

Your enmity assuage!— [Stuart falling.

It will not be—

Thy fortune hath eclips'd me: and the shades

Of death environ me.—Yet, what is death

When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal

Of glory, never—never to be broke!—

O thou hast slain me in a dreadful hour!

My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd

With thy approaching nuptials! and my soul

Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora!—Oh! [Dies.

SCENE V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ah! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender hands

In woeful attitude?—ah! wherefore lift

Thy

Thy streaming eyes to heav'n; while the deep groan
Dilates thy lab'ring breast?

ELEONORA.

This is too much—
This is too much to bear!—thou hast destroy'd
My last remains of peace!

DUNBAR.

And, was thy peace
Deposited in him?—In him who rais'd
His impious hand to kill thee!—Is it well
To mourn his fall, and thus accuse the blow
That rescu'd thee from death?

ELEONORA.

I blame not thee,
No, heav'n forbid!—I blame not my protector—
Yet thy protection has undone me quite!
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—
Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy sword conferr'd
Such terrible success—How pale appear
These clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour glow'd!
O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!

Did he not call me with his latest breath!—
 He would have said—but cruel fate controul'd
 His fault'ring tongue!—He would have said, “For thee
 “For thee false maid, I perish undeplor'd!”
 O! hadst thou known how obstinately true
 My heart remain'd to thee, when thy own guilt,
 My duty, and thy rival's worth, conspir'd
 To banish thee from thence, thy parting soul
 Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
 My persecuted truth!

DUNBAR.

O turn thine eyes
 From the said object!—Turn thy melting thoughts
 From the disastrous theme, and look on me—
 On me who would with ecstasy resign
 This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd
 With Eleonora's tears!—Were I to fall,
 Thy pity would not thus lament my fate!

ELEONORA.

Thy death, such lamentation would not move,
 More envy'd than bemoan'd;—thy memory
 Would still be cherish'd; and thy name survive
 To latest ages, in immortal bloom—

Ah,

Ah, 'tis not so with him!—He leaves behind
No dear remembrance of unsully'd fame!
No monument of glory, to defy
The storms of time!—Nought but reproach and shame!
Nought, but perpetual slander, brooding o'er
His reputation lost!—O fearful scene
Of dire existence, that must never close!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS entering, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, attendants.

ANGUS.

What sound of female woe—Ha! Stuart slain!
Alas! I fear thou art the fatal cause!— [*To Eleonora.*

ELEONORA.

Too well my father has divin'd the cause
Of their unhappy strife!—Wherefore, ye powers!
Am I to misery deliver'd up!
What kindred crime, alas! am I decreed
To expiate, that misfortunes fall so thick
On my poor head!

ANGUS

THE REGICIDE:

ANGUS to DUNBAR.

How durst your lawless rage
Profane this sacred place with private brawl?

DUNBAR.

By heav'n! no place, how much soe'er rever'd,
Shall screen th' assassin who, like him, would aim
The murd'rous steel at Eleonora's breast!

ANGUS.

Ha!—were his aims so merciless?—Too just
The vengeance that o'ertook him!—But the event
With this unstable juncture ill accords!—
Remove the body.—Thou meanwhile retire,
Thy presence may awake, or aggravate
The rage of Athol. *[The body is removed.]*

DUNBAR.

Therefore I obey.—

And O thou lovely mourner! who now droop'st
Like the spread rose beneath th' inclement shower,
When next we meet, I hope to see thee bloom
With vernal freshness, and again unfold
Thy beauties to the sun! *[Exit. Dunbar.]*

SCENE

THE TRAGEDY.

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SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Lets us, my child,
Lament with steadiness, those ills that flow
From our mishap: yet therefore not ascribe
To self-demerit, impotently griev'd,
The guilt of accident.—Thou hast enough
Denoted thy concern—Let me not think
Thy sorrow hath espoused a traitor's cause,

ELEONORA.

Ah! what avails to me, the hard-won palm
Of fruitless virtue?—Will it lull to rest
Internal anguish!—Will it yield me peace?—

ANGUS.

Thy indiscreet affliction, shall not plead
Against thee, with me, now.—remember this,
If thou art weak enough to harbour still
A guilty flame; to thy assistance call
That noble pride and dignity of scorn,

Which

Which warms, exalts and purifies the soul—
 But I will trust thee to thyself.—Withdraw ;
 For Athol comes, and on his visage low'rs
 A storm of wrath.

Exit Eleonora.

SCENE VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Are these the fair effects
 Of our submission!—These, the promis'd fruits
 Of amity restor'd!—To violate
 The laws of hospitality—To guide
 The midnight murderer's inhuman blow,
 And sacrifice your guests!

ANGUS.

That Athol mourns
 This unforeseen severity of fate,
 I marvel not.—My own paternal sense
 Is wak'd by sympathy ; and I condole
 His interesting loss.—But thus to tax
 Our blameless faith with traiterous design,
 Not with our pure integrity conforms,
 Nor with thy duty, thane.

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Ha! who art thou,
That I should bear thy censure and reproof?—
Not protestation, nor th' affected air
Of sympathy and candour, shall amuse
My strong conception, nor elude the cry
Of justice and revenge!

ANGUS.

Had justice crav'd
With rigid voice, the debt incurr'd by thee,
How had'st thou far'd?—Say, what hast plac'd thy deeds
Above my censure?—Let this day's event
Proclaim how far I merit thy disdain.—
That my humanity is misconceived
Not much alarms my wonder: conscious fraud
Still harbours with suspicion.—Let me tell thee—
The fate of Stuart was supremely just.
Th' untimely stroke his savage heart prepar'd
Against the guiltless breast of Eleonora,
Avenging heav'n retorted on himself.

ATHOL.

I thought where all thy probity would end,
Disguis'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,

Should

THE REGICIDE!

Should this blood-spotted bravo 'scape, secure
 In thy protection, or th' unjust extent
 Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll spread
 The seeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,
 And blood shall answer blood!

ANGUS.

How far thy threats
 Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the king!—

SCENE IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

KING.

Tell me—proud thanes, why are ye found oppos'd
 In loud revilings?—You, that should promote
 By fair example, unity and peace!

ATHOL.

Have I not cause to murmur and complain?
 Stuart, the latest gift and dearest pledge
 Of love fraternal, sooth'd my bending age:
 Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn
 From my parental arms; and left, alas!

This

A TRAGEDY.

This sapless trunk, to stretch its wither'd boughs
To you for justice!—Justice then I crave.

KING.

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
How great foe'er the offender, or the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile
Degrades, defiles and should dethrone a king!
Say freely, thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
And were he dear as her who shares our throne,
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

ATHOL.

Then I charge
The son of March with perfidy and murder.

ANGUS.

Were I with mean indifference to hear
Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce
Defenceless worth, I should but ill deserve
Your royal confidence.—Dunbar has slain
The kinsman of this thane; yet fell he not
By murder, cowardice, or foul design.
The sword of Stuart was already drawn
To sacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,
By heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,

Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd
His rival's fury on his hapless head.

ATHOL.

Must I refer me to the partial voice
Of an invet'rate foe?—No, I reject
The tainted evidence, and rather claim
The combat proof.—Enfeebled are my limbs
With age that creeps along my nerves unstrung,
Yet shall the justice of my cause recall
My youthful vigour, rouse my loit'ring blood,
Swell ev'ry sinew, strengthen ev'ry limb,
And crown me with success—Behold my gage
I wait for justice.

KING.

Justice shalt thou have—
Nor shall an equitable claim depend
On such precarious issue.—Who shall guard
The weak from violence, if brutal force
May vindicate oppression.—Truth alone
Shall rule the fair decision, and thy wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbiass'd sway
Shall find a just avenger.—Let Dunbar
Appear when urg'd, and answer to the charge. [*To Angus.*

[*Exeunt King, Angus.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

Curse on the smooth dissembler!—Welcome, Grime:
 My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage
 Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd
 Of cautious scruple, to the scatt'ring winds
 I give the phantom.—May this carcase rot,
 A loathsome banquet to the fowls of heav'n,
 If e'er my breast admit one thought to bound
 The progress of my hate!

GRIME.

What means my prince?

ATHOL.

Th' unhappy youth is slain!

GRIME.

Ha!—Hell be prais'd—

He was a peevish stripling, prone to change. [*Aside.*]

—Vain is condolance.—Let our swords be swift

H

To

To sate his hov'ring shade.—I have conferr'd
With trusty Cattan, our design explain'd,
And his full aid secur'd.—To-night he rules
The middle watch.—The clans already move
In silence o'er the plain.

ATHOL.

Come then, ye powers
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!
Attend our invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lop'd,
But they will sprout again: my vig'rous trunk
Shall flourish from the wound my foes have made,
And yet again, project an awful shade.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! This was more than the ill-sorted train
 Of undetermin'd fancy!—This convey'd
 No loose imperfect images: but all
 Was dreadfully distinct! as if the hand
 Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by those signs—
 Your guardian angel dictates.—O, my prince!
 Let not your blind security disgrace
 The merit of your prudence.

KING.

No, my queen,
 Let us avoid the opposite extremes
 Of negligence supine, and prostrate fear.—
 Already hath our vigilance perform'd
 What caution justifies: and for thy dream;
 As such consider it.—The vain effect
 Of an imagination long disturb'd.—

Life with substantial ills, enough is curs'd:
 Why should we then, with frantic zeal, pursue
 Unreal care; and with th' illusive form
 Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright
 Our reason from her throne?

QUEEN.

In all your course
 Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand
 Of warlike Henry led you to the field;
 When my fond soul suffered the successive pangs
 Of fond impatience and repressive fear;
 When ev'ry reeking messenger from France,
 Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,
 And shook my bosom with the dreadful tale
 That spoke your praise; say, did my weak despair
 Recal you from the race?—Did not my heart
 Espouse your fame and patiently await
 The end of your career?—O! by the joys
 I felt at your return, when smiling love
 Secure, with rapture reign'd.—O! by these tears,
 Which seldom plead; indulge my boding soul!
 Arouse your conqu'ring troops; let Angus guard
 The convent with a chosen band.—The soul
 Of treason is abroad!

KING.

KING.

Ye ruling powers!

Let me not wield the sceptre of this realm,
 When my degen'rate breast becomes the haunt
 Of haggard Fear.—O! what a wretch is he,
 Whose fev'rous life devoted to the gloom
 Of Superstition, feels the incessant throb
 Of ghastly panic!—In whose startled ear
 The knell still deepens, and the raven croaks!

QUEEN.

Vain be my terrors—my presages vain—
 Yet with my fond anxiety comply,
 And my repose restore!—Not for myself—
 Not to prolong the season of my life,
 Am I thus suppliant! Ah no! for you—
 For you whose being gladdens and protects
 A grateful people.—You, whose parent boughs
 Defends your tender offspring from the blasts
 That soon would tear them up!—For you the source
 Of all our happiness and peace I fear! [Kneels.

KING.

Arise, my queen—O! thou art all compos'd
 Of melting piety and tender love!

H 3

Thou

Thou shalt be satisfy'd.—Is ev'ry guard
By Angus visited?—

DUNBAR.

Ev'n now, my liege,
With Ramsay and his troop, he scours the plain.

KING.

Still watchful o'er his charge—The lib'ral hand
Of bounty will have nothing to bestow,
Ere Angus cease to merit!—Say, Dunbar,
Who rules the nightly watch?

DUNBAR.

To Cattan's care
The city guard is subject.

KING.

I have mark'd
Much valour in him.—Hie thee to him, youth,
And bid him with a chosen few, surround
The cloisters of the convent; and remain
'Till morn full streaming shall relieve his watch.

[Exit Dunbar.]

Thus shall repose, with glad assurance, waft
Its balmy blessing to thy troubled breast.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

GRIME.

Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune seems inclin'd
To recompense us for the day's disgrace.—
Our band conceal'd within the cloisters, wait
With eagerness and joy the auspicious hour,
To perpetrate the deed.—It now remains,
To regulate our conduct, and to each
His share of this great enterprize assign.—
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote
The usurper and his progeny to death ;
His power and principles will still supply
Fresh obstacles, which all our future efforts
Can ne'er surmount.

CATTAN.

Then let our swords prevent
All further opposition, and at once
Dismiss him to the shades.

GRIME.

Thine be the task—
I know with what just indignation burns

Thy gen'rous hate, against the partial thane,
 Who, to thine age and services, preferr'd
 A raw unpractis'd stripling.

CATTAN.

Ha!—no more.

The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!
 How will my soul his mortal groans enjoy!

GRIME.

While we within perform th' intrepid blow,
 To his apartment thou shalt move alone;
 Nor will pretence be wanting: say, thou bring'st
 Intelligence important, that demands
 His instant ear:—Then shall thou find thy foe
 Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my tongue
 Instruct the further?

CATTAN.

No, let my revenge
 Suggest what follows.—By the pow'rs of hell!
 I will be drunk with vengeance!

GRIME.

To thy guard
 Meanwhile repair, and watch 'till he returns

With

With Ramsay from the plain.—But see! they come,
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. An apartment,

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

ANGUS.

By heav'n's it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,
Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains
From the contagion free.

RAMSAY.

When we return'd

Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the town :
Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,
And few resisted.

ANGUS.

But that I consult
My king's tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted citizens with alarm,

Ang

An hundred trumpets should this instant, raise
 Their brazen throats together, and arouse
 Th' extended sluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,
 And with thy uninfected troops attend
 To ev'ry motion of th' incertain night. [Exit Ram]

SCENE IV.

ANGUS.

Now, the loud tempest of the toilful day
 Subsides into a calm.—And yet my soul
 Still labours thro' the storm!—By day or night,
 In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
 One hour without its care!—Not sleep itself
 Is ever balmy: for the shadowy dream
 Oft bears substantial woe!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

CATTAN.

My noble lord,
 Within the portal as I kept my watch,
 Swift gilding shadows by the glimm'ring moon,
 I could

I could perceive in forms of armed men,
 Possess the space that borders on the porch—
 I question'd thrice ; they yielded no reply :
 And now the soldiers, rang'd in close array,
 Wait your command.

ANGUS.

Quick, lead me to the place—
 Foul treason is at work!—

CATTAN.

It were not good
 To venture forth unarm'd,—Couragious thane,
 Receive this dagger,— *[Attempts to stab Angus, who
 wrests the dagger from him
 and kills him.]*

ANGUS.

Ha, perfidious slave!
 What means this base attempt ?—Thou shalt not 'scape.

CATTAN.

Curse on my feeble arm that fail'd to strike
 The poynard to thy heart !—How like a dog
 I tamely fall despis'd !

ANGUS.

Fell ruffian! say,
Who set thee on?—This treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to some dreadful scene!

CATTAN.

Just are thy terrors.—By the infernal gulph
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the abyss with joy, could the success
Of Athol feast my sense!

[A noise of clashing swords and shrieks.]

—Hah!—now the sword
Of slaughter smokes!—Th' exulting thane surveys
Th' imperial scene; while grimly smiling Grime
With purple honour deck'd,—

ANGUS.

Tremendous powers!

CATTAN.

O'er the fam tyrant strides—

[Dies.]

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Heav'n shield us all!
Amazing horror chills me!—Ha, Dunbar!
Then treason triumphs!—O my soul! my son!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR wounded.

DUNBAR.

I fought thee, noble thane, while yet my limbs
Obey their lord.—I fought thee, to unfold
My zealous soul, 'ere yet she takes her flight—
Stretch'd on the ground, these eyes beheld the king
Transfix'd a lifeless corse! and saw this arm
Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—

ANGUS.

Weep Caledonia, 'weep!—thy peace is slain—
Thy father and thy king!—O! this event,
Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,
And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,
If yet thy strength permits, how this besel.

DUNBAR,

DUNBAR.

A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat
 By Athol, lurk'd behind the adjacent hills :
 These, faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,
 Admitted to the city, join'd their power
 With his corrupted guard, and hither led them
 Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
 Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain
 To the sad scene 'ere I could force my way,
 Our monarch was no more! Around him lay
 An heap of traitors, whom his single arm
 Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy queen,
 Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd
 Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd
 Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!

ANGUS.

Illustrious victims!—O disastrous fate!
 Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!
 To wanton thus in royal blood!

DUNBAR.

O thane!

How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!
 How will thy fond parental heart be rent

With

A TRAGEDY.

111

With mortal anguish, when my tongue relates
The fate of Eleonora!

ANGUS.

Ha!—my fears
Anticipate thy words!—O say, Dunbar,
How fares my child!

DUNBAR.

The shades of endless night
Now settle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!
She to th' assaulted threshold bravely ran,
And with her snowy arms, supply'd a bolt
To bar their entrance:—But the barb'rous crew
Broke in impet'ous, crush'd her slender limb,
When Grime, his dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,
Behold the forc'refs whose accursed charms
Betray'd the youth; and whose invet'rate fire
This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—
This for revenge!—then plung'd it in her breast!—

ANGUS.

Infernal homicide!

DUNBAR.

There—there I own
He vanquish'd me indeed!—What tho' I rush'd

112 THE REGICIDE:

Thro' many a wound, and in th' assassin's heart
Imbru'd my faithful steel.—But see, where comes
By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA wounded and
supported.

ELEONORA.

Here set me down—vain is your kind concern.—
Ah! who, with parent tenderness will bless
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care
To the cold grave commit my pale remains! [*Swoons.*]

ANGUS.

O misery!—look up—thy father calls— [*Embracing her.*]

ELEONORA.

What angel borrows that paternal voice!
Ha! lives my father!—Ye propitious powers!
He folds me in his arms—Yes, he survives
The havock of this night!—O let me now
Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!
For Angus lives t' avenge his murder'd prince,

To save his country, and protract his blaze
Of glory, farther still!

ANGUS.

And is it thus,
The melting parent clasps his darling child!
My heart is torn with agonizing pangs
Of complicated woe!

DUNBAR.

The public craves
Immediate aid from thee—But I wax weak.—
Our infant king, surrounded in the fort,
Demands thy present help.—

ANGUS.

Yes, loyal youth!
Thy glorious wounds instruct me what I owe
To my young sov'reign, and my country's peace!
But how shall I sustain the rav'nous tribe
Of various griefs, that gnaw me all at once?
My royal master falls, my country groans,
And cruel Fate has ravish'd from my side
My dearest daughter and my best-lov'd friend!

I

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Thy praise shall be thy daughter; and thy friend
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honest breast.

ANGUS.

Must we then part for ever!—What a plan
Of peaceful happiness my hope had laid
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading flower,
How fast thy sweets consume!—come to my arms,
That I may taste them ere they fleet away!

[Embracing her.]

O exquisite distress!

ELEONORA.

For me, my father,
For me let not the bootless tear distil.—
Soon shall I be with those, who rest secure
From all th' inclemencies of stormy life.

ANGUS.

Adieu, my children!—never shall I hear
Thy cheering voice again!—a long farewell!

Exit Angus.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Soon shall our short'ned rate of life be run.—
 Our day already hastens to its close;
 And night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch
 The land of peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
 The tossing wave from which I shall be free,
 No rest will greet me on the silent shore,
 If Eleonora sends me hence unbless'd.

ELEONORA.

Distemper'd passion, when we parted last,
 Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar
 With horror was beheld: but Reason now
 With genial mildness beams upon my soul,
 And represents thee justly, as thou art—
 The tend'rest lover and the gentlest friend.

DUNBAR.

O transport, to my breast unknown before!
 Not the soft breeze upon its fragrant wings,

Wafts such refreshing gladness to the heart
 Of panting pilgrims, as thy balmy words
 To my exhausted spirits!—but, alas!
 Thy purple stream of life forsakes apace
 Its precious channels!—on thy polish'd cheek
 The blowing roses fade; and o'er thine eyes
 Death sheds a misty languor!

ELEONORA.

Let me lean
 Upon thy friendly arm—Yet, O retire!
 That guilty arm!—Say, did it ne'er rebel
 Against my peace?—But let me not revolve
 Those sorrows now.—Were heav'n again to raise
 That once-lov'd head that lies, alas! so low!
 And from the verge of death my life recall,
 What joy could visit my forlorn estate,
 Self-doom'd to hopeless woe!

DUNBAR,

Must I then wander,
 A pensive shade, along the dreary vale,
 And groan for ever under thy reproach!

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Ah no! thou faithful youth, shall I repay
 Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?
 These wounds that waste so lavishly thy life,
 Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?
 May no repose embrace me in the tomb,
 If my soul mourns not thy untimely fall
 With sister-woe!—thy passion has not reap'd
 The sweet returns its purity deserv'd.

DUNBAR.

A while forbear, pale minister of Fate,
 Forbear a while; and on my ravish'd ear
 Let the last music of this dying swan,
 Steel in soft blandishment, divinely sweet!
 Then strike th' unerring blow.—

ELEONORA.

That thus our hopes,
 Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry spring,
 Are nipp'd untimely, ere the sun of joy
 Matur'd them into fruit, repine not, youth.—
 Life hath its various seasons, as the year;
 And after clust'ring Autumn—but I faint—

Support me nearer—in rich Harvest's rear
 Bleak Winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
 The leaden hand of Death lie heavy on me.—
 Thine image swims before my straining eye.—
 —And now it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu
 To the lost Eleonora.—Not a word!
 —Not one farewell!—Alas! that dismal groan
 Is eloquent distress!—Celestial powers
 Protect my father, show'r upon his — Oh! [Dies,

DUNBAR.

There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
 In mortal clay!—I come, my love! I come—
 Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!
 The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!
 The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!
 The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,
 And held Attention captive!—Let me kiss
 This pale deserted temple of my joy!
 This, Chastity, this, thy unspotted shade
 Will not refuse.—I feel the grisly king—
 Thro' all my veins he shivers like the north—
 O Eleonora! as my flowing blood
 Is mix'd with thine—So may our mingling souls
 To bliss supernal, wing our happy—Oh! [Dies,

S C E N E the last.

ANGUS, RAMSAY. ATHOL, &c. Prisoners.

ANGUS.

Bright deeds of glory hath thine arm atchiev'd,
 Courageous Ramsay; and thy name shall live
 For ever in the annals of renown.—
 —But see, where silent as the noon of night
 These lovers lie!—rest—rest ill-fated pair!
 Your dear remembrance shall for ever dwell
 Within the breast of Angus; and his love
 Oft with paternal tears bedew your tomb!

RAMSAY.

O fatal scene of innocence destroy'd!

ANGUS, to ATHOL.

O bloody author of this night's mishap!
 Whose impious hands are with the sacred blood
 Of majesty distain'd!—Contemplate here
 The havock of thy crimes! and then bethink thee,
 What vengeance craves.—

ATHOL.

With insolence of speech
 How dares thy tongue licentious, thus insult

Thy sov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal
Espous'd a sinking cause.—But thou may'st still
Deserve my future favour.—

ANGUS.

O thou stain
Of fair nobility!—thou bane of faith!
Thou woman-killing coward, who hast crept
To the unguarded throne, and stabb'd thy prince!
What hath thy treason, blasted as it is,
To bribe the soul of Angus to thy views?

ATHOL.

Soon shalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me thy lawful prince.—Yes, talking lord,
The day will soon appear, when I shall rise
In majesty and terror, to assert
My country's freedom; and at last, avenge
My own peculiar wrongs.—When thou, and all
Those grov'ling sycophants, who bow'd the knee
To the usurper's arbitrary sway,
Will fawn on me.—Ye temporizing slaves!
Unchain your king; and teach your humble mouths
To kiss the dust beneath my royal feet.—

[*To the guard.*]

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

The day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice
Return, before thy carcase be cast forth
Unbury'd, to the dogs and beasts of prey.—
Or, high-exalted, putrify in air
The monument of treason.—

ATHOL.

Empty threat!
Fate hath foretold that Athol shall be crown'd.

ANGUS.

Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou shalt be crown'd—
An iron crown intensely hot, shall gird
Thy hoary temples; while the shouting crowd
Acclaims thee king of traitors.

ATHOL.

Lakes of fire!—
Ha! said'st thou lord!—a glowing iron crown
Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel
Myself awake to misery and shame!
Ye sceptres, diadems and rolling trains
Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curse on those dreams
Of idle superstition, that ensnare

Th'

Th' ambitious soul to wickedness and woe!
Curse on thy virtue, which hath overthrown
My elevated hopes! and may despair
Descend in pestilence on all mankind!

ANGUS.

Thy curse just heav'n retorts upon thyself!
To separate dungeons lead the regicides.—

[Exit guard with the prisoners.]

From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!
Wish gains on wish, desire surmounts desire;
Hope fans the blaze, and Envy feeds the fire:
From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul;
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul;
'Till heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust!

THE

THE
R E P R I S A L :

OR, THE
TARS OF OLD ENGLAND:

A
C O M E D Y

OF
T W O A C T S,

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E ,

I N 1757.

PERSONS represented.

HEARTLY, a young gentleman of Dorsetshire, in
love with **HARRIET**.

BRUSH, his servant.

CHAMPIGNON, commander of a French frigate.

OCLABBER, an Irish lieutenant in the French
service.

MACLAYMORE a Scotch ensign in the French
service.

LYON, lieutenant of an English man of war.

HAULYARD, a midshipman.

BLOCK, a sailor.

HARRIET, a young lady of Dorsetshire, betrothed
to **HEARTLY**.

Soldiers, Sailors, &c,

SCENE, on board a French ship lying at anchor on
the coast of Normandy,

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

*A*N ancient sage, when death approach'd his bed,
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;

And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
With vows and pray'rs, he fairly brib'd the Devil:

Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
Cou'd always save the sinner—from damnation.

Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
The critick's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.

Here Justice seems from her straight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.

So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dullness is—prepenſe.

He means to please—he owns no other view;
And now presents you with—a sea ragout.
A diſh—howe'er you relish his endeavours,
Replete with a variety of flavours:

A ſhout

PROLOGUE.

*A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot ;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, wain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without some acid juice of English tar.
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.*

*What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten !
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.*

*Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore ;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world :
Still shall that god-like flame your bosoms fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the fire ;
Her ancient splendor England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main.*

}

THE
R E P R I S A L :
OR, THE
TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

HEARTLY, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

WELL, if this be taking diversion on the water,
God send me safe on English ground ! and if
ever I come in fight of the sea again, may a watry
grave be my portion.—First, to be terrified with the
thoughts of drowning—Secondly, to be tossed and
tumbled about like a foot-ball—Thirdly, to be drenched
with sea-water—Fourthly, to be stunk to death with
pitch and tar and the savoury scent of my fellow-sufferers
—Fifthly, to be racked with perpetual puking till
my

my guts are turned inside out — And sixthly and lastly,
to be taken prisoner and plundered by the French !

HEARTLY.

Enough — Enough —

BRUSH.

Enough !—aye, and to spare—I wish I could give part
to those who envy my good fortune—But, how will the
good lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds her
daughter Miss Harriet is fallen into the hands of Mon-
sieur de Champignon !

HEARTLY.

No more—that reflection alarms me !—yet I have no-
thing to fear—as there is no war declared, we shall soon
be released : and in the mean time the French will treat
us with their usual politeness.

BRUSH.

Pox on their politeness ! ah master ! commend me to
the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff—The
rascalion that took my purse bowed so low, and paid me
so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the mat-
ter in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong—

but

but he soon stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should have the honour to blow my brains out—Another of those polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me—A third fell in love with my silver shoe-buckles—Nay, that very individual nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to survey with looks of desire, after the dismal evacuation I had undergone, was ravished from my sight by two famished French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and astonishment.

HEARTLY.

I must confess they plundered us with great dexterity and dispatch; and even Monsieur de Champignon the commander did not keep his hands clear of the pillage—An instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer.—Sure he will behave as such to Harriet!

BRUSH.

Faith! not to flatter you, Sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works—He first rifled your mistress and then made love to her with great gallantry—but you was in the right to call yourself her brother—if he knew

K

you

you were his rival you might pass your time very disagreeably.

HEARTLY.

There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but condoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

BRUSH.

You mean lieutenant Oclabber and ensign Macclaymore, a couple of damned renegadoes!—you lean upon a broken reed if you trust to their compassion.

HEARTLY.

Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer—The other is an Highlander, excluded, I suppose, from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed.—I see them walking this way in close conference—While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to over-hear their conversation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de Champignon a rotten potatoe; and when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a shivil question, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

MACLAYMORE.

Weel, weel, maister Oclabber, I wonna tak upon me to say atogether ye'er in the wrang—but ye ken ther's a time far a' things; and we man gang hooly and fairly while we're under command.

OCLABBER.

You may talk as you plaife, Mr. Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed I am always happy when you are spaiking, whether I am asleep or awake a gra. But, by my shoul I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that the English pea-sure boat had no right to be taken before the declaration

of war; much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pirates and privateers.

MACLAYMORE.

To be sure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war: for ye ken in ancient times, the victor teuk the *spolia opima*; and in my country to this very day we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædæ agere*. But, then, ye man take notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I'm sure it made my heart wae, to see the faut brine come happin o'er her winsome cheeks.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—och! the delicate creature!—she's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah o'Shannaghan, whom I left big with child in the county of Fermienaghan, grammachree!—Ochone my dear Sheelah!—Look here, she made me this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea-wolf that I shot at the mouth of the Shannon—and I gave her at parting a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order—och! my

my dear honey captain, cried she, I shall never do penance, but I will be thinking of you. Ah! poor Sheelah, she once met with a terrible misfortune gra: we were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough: and so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down stairs out of a window. When I came to her she told me she was speechless; and by my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon her legs again: then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue—and sung it to the tune of Drimmendoo; but, a friend of mine, of the order of Shaint Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Elen-a-Roon.

MACLAYMORE.

Whether is't an elegy or an ode?

OCLABBER.

How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are all even?

MACLAYMORE.

Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the carmen elegiacum; or gif it be an ode, it may be monocoles, dicolos, tetraastrophos—or perhaps its loose iambics.

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OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Arra, upon my conscience I believe it is simple sham-brucks, honey. But if you'll hold your tongue you shall see with your own eyes.

S O N G.

I.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,

Ochone my dear jewel;

Why was you so cruel

Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

II.

Tho' teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;

Tho' teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;

In the dark she was groping,

And found it wide open;

Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

III.

III.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,

If you're dead do but own it;

Then you'll hear me bemoan it;

For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

IV.

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!

O! the month of November,

She'll have cause to remember,

As a black letter day all the days of her life,

V.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!

But, without a dismission,

I'd lose my commission,

And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these seven
long years?—An it pleased God to bring us within forty

miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer all the days of my life. .III

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot-fie ! Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your philosophy?—did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione*?—or Volufenus, my countrymen, *de Tranquillitate Animi*? I've warrant we have left a bonny lass too, in the braes of Lochobar—my yellow-hair'd deary that wont to meet me amang the hether—Heigh firs ! how she grat and cried, “waes my heart that we should funder.”—Whisht, what's a' that rippet?

[A noise of drums.

OCLABBER.

Arran-mon-deaul ! they are beating our granadier's march, as if the enemy was in view ; but, I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge ; or, by Shaint Patrick ! I'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

MACLAYMORE.

[To a bag-piper crossing the stage,

Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald?

PIPER.

PIPER.

Guid fait! an please your honour, the commander has sent for her to play a spring to the safenach damsel: but, her nain fell wad na pudge the length of her tae, without your honour's order—and she'll gar a' the men march before her with the British flag and the rest of the plunder.

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul! he's a gowk, and a gauky, to ettle at diverting the poor lassie with the puppet-shew of her ain misfortune—but, howsomever, Donald, ye may gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Maccreeman's composition; and if she has any taste for moosic, ye'll soon gar her forget her disaster.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, now since that's the caase, I would not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to compose her spirits, by my shoul! the drum shall beat till she's both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave off—but, we'll go and see the procession. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Procession.

[*First the bag-pipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The drum followed by a crew of French sailors.*]

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET:

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you see de fortune of de war—my fate be admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I be de captive of your eye—by gar! my glorie turn to my disgrace!

HARRIET.

Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more disgraceful than what you have done.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Den vat I ave done!—parbleu! I not understand vat you mean, madame—I ave de honour to carry off one great victoire over de Englis.

HARRIET.

You have carried off an unarmed boat, contrary to the law of nations; and rifled the passengers in opposition to the dictates of justice and humanity—I should be glad to know what a common robber could do worse.

CHAMPIGNON.

Common robber!—Madam your serviteur tres humble—de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne: in one and t'oder you be parfaitement adorable—souffrez den dat I present my 'art at your altar.

HARRIET.

If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice—for my own part I have no taste for the *fumét*; so you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle!—de ladies en France will felicitate demselves dat you renonce de tendre of Monsieur de Champignon.—Madame la duchesse—mais taisons—alé la—et la belle marquise! ah quelles ames!—vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man à bonnes fortunes.—Diable m'emporte! till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de same succès in love as in war.

HARRIET.

I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wife.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah ma charmante!—dat is more of your bonté den of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid the transports of my flame.

HARRIET.

In a proper place, I believe I should find them very entertaining.

CHAMPIGNON.

How you ravish me, my princeesse!—avouez donc, you 'ave de sentimens for my personne—parbleu, it is
all

all your generosité—dere is noting extraordinary in my
personne, diable m'emporte! hai, hai. [*Cuts a taper.*]

HARRIET.

Indeed, monsieur, you do yourself injustice; for, you
are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever
the honour to see.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah, ah, madame! I die under the charge of your
politesse—your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat
envelope ma fantasie—your smile inspire me wid alle-
gresse—allons! vive l'amour!—la, la, la, la—

HARRIET.

What a delicate pipe! I find, monsieur! you're alike
perfect in all your accomplishments.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, your slave eternellement—personnes of gout
ave own dat me sing de chanfonettes not altogeder too
bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de pisto-
let in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war,
one, two, tree, four, ten year ago—I take possession
fabre a la main; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre!
—dey refuse to submit and carry me to Plimout—dere

I ap-

I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallantries parmi les belles filles Angloises—I teasht dem to love—they teasht me to sing your jolies vaudevilles.—“A coblere dere vas, and he live in one stall.”—Hai, hai! how you taste my talens, madame?

HARRIET.

Oh! you sing inchantingly; and so natural, one would imagine you had been a cobbler all the days of your life.—Ha, ha, ha!

CHAMPIGNON.

Hai, hai, hai!—if you not flatter me, madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi—tell a me of grace, my princeffe, vat sort of lover you shoofe—I vil transform myself for your plaisir.

HARRIET.

I will not say what sort of lover I like; but I'll sing what sort of lover I despise.

CHAMPIGNON.

By gar, she love me eperduement.

(*Aside.*)

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

II.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau.
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow :
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as an hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

IV.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather :
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu, madame, you sing a marveilles—by gar,
de figure be ver singulier.

SCENE IV.

HARRIET, CHAMPIGNON, HEARTLY.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monf. Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your most umble
serviteur—mademoiselle your sifter ave des perfections
of an ange; but she be cold as de albâtre. You do me
good office—I become of your alliance—you command
my service.

HEARTLY.

I hope my sifter will set proper value upon your ad-
dresses: and you may depend upon my best endea-
vours to persuade her to treat your passion as it de-
serves.

CHAMPIGNON.

As it deserve!—mardy! dat is all I desire—den I
treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and retires*]

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Comment!

Comment ! que m'importe—madame I must leave you
for one moment to de gard of Monsieur your broder ;
but I return in one twinkle. [Exit:

SCENE V.

HEARTLY, HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

My dear Harriet, have you good nature enough to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dangers and misfortunes ?

HARRIET.

I can't but be pleased with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished Champignon, ha, ha, ha !

HEARTLY.

You can't imagine how happy I am to see you bear your misfortune with such good humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

HARRIET.

I was indeed terrible alarmed when a cannon shot came whistling over our heads ; and not a little de-

L

jected

jected when I found myself a prisoner—but I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it: and as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him—O' my conscience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice.—I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery myself.

HEARTLY.

Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you—Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French court.

HARRIET.

I should be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

HEARTLY.

I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter. I

intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at a variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

SCENE VI.

HEARTLY, HARRIET, BRUSH.

HEARTLY to BRUSH.

Well, sir, you have been fishing the bonny Scot: have you caught any intelligence?

BRUSH.

Sir, I have done your business—Captain Maclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of four wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

HARRIET.

Pray, Mr. Brush, what method did you take to ingratiate yourself with that proud, stalking Highlander?

BRUSH.

I won his heart with some transient encomiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid, as an im-

provement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most soldierly garb; and said, I did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning and valour.

HEARTLY.

These insidious compliments could not fail to undermine his loftiness.

BRUSH.

He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left shoulder with an air of importance, strutted to the farther end of the deck; then returning with his hard features unbended into a ghastly smile, "By my faul! " mon," says he, "ye're na fule; I see ye ken foe weel how to mak proper distinctions—you and I man be better acquainted."—I bowed very low in return for the great honour he did me—hinted, that though now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pretensions to family: and sighing, cried *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*.

HEARTLY.

That scrap of Latin was a home thrust—You see, firrah, the benefit of a charity school.

BRUSH.

Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neglecting my Accidence, that ever my learning would turn to such account—Captain Maclaymore was surprized to hear me speak Latin: yes he found fault with my pronounciation.—He shook me by the hand, though I was a little shy of that compliment, and said he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle: but I put him in mind of the singat cat, for I was better than I was bonny—then he carried me to his cabin, where we might discourse more freely; told me the captain was “a light-headed guse,” and expressed his concern at your captivity, which he said was a flagrant infraction of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle.

HARRIET.

There I hope you backed his opinion with all your eloquence.

BRUSH.

I extolled his understanding; interested his gallantry in the cause of a distressed lady; and in order to clinch my remonstrance, told him that my master's great grandmother's aunt was a Scotchwoman of the

name of Mackintosh, and that Mr. Heartly piqued himself on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

HEARTLY.

I'm obliged to your invention for the honour of that alliance—I hope the discovery had a proper effect upon my cousin Maclaymore.

BRUSH.

He no sooner heard that particular, than he started up, crying, “What the deil say ye? Mackintosh!—“fwunds mon! that’s the name of my ain mither—“wha kens but mester Heartly and I may be coozens “seventeen times removed?” Then he gave me a full account of his pedigree for twelve generations, and hawked up the names of his progenitors till they set my teeth on edge. To conclude, he has promised to give you all the assistance in his power, and even to favour our escape; for, over and above his other motives, I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks a piece of service done to an English gentleman may enable him to gratify that inclination.

HEARTLY.

But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

The boat is along-side—our men are permitted to walk the deck—When the captain retires to rest, and the watch is relieving, nothing will be more easy than to step on board of our own galley, cut the rope, hoist the sails, and make the best of our way to Old England.

HEARTLY.

But, you don't consider that Monsieur de Champignon, if alarmed, may slip his cable and give us chase—nay, compliment us with a dish of sugar-plumbs that may be very hard of digestion.

BRUSH.

There the friendship of Maclaymore will be of service: for, as soon as our flight is known, he and his men, on pretence of being alert, will make such a bustle and confusion, that nothing can be done until we are out of their reach; and then we must trust to our own canvass and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime sailer.

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HARRIET.

HARRIET.

The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-operate with the ensign.

HEARTLY.

Odso! there he comes.—Brush, go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

SCENE VII.

HEARTLY, OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Your humble servant, fir—I hope the lady is plaised with her accommodation—don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea?—upon my conscience! now, it's so delicate and keen, that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf dog ever since I came to this kingdom.

HEARTLY.

Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry.—I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of captain

tain Oclabber.—What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

OCLABBER.

Acquaintance, honey!—by my shoul! I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life!

HEARTLY.

Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

OCLABBER.

Ub ub oo!—by Shaint Patrick I remember you as well as nothing in the world.—Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother?

HEARTLY.

My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England,

OCLABBER.

Ah! God rest his soul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra.—Oh!

I re-

I remember you two made one with us at the hotel de Buffy—by my shoul! we were very merry and frolicksome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot swelled as big as three potatoes—by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot.—Mr. Heartly, the devil fly away with me but I am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

HEARTLY.

Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with captain Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

OCLABBER.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Heartly, we officers don't chuse to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know;—therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer, honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the mass, he's a meer baist.

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

I'm glad to find your opinion of him so conformable to my own.—I understand by my servant too, that Mr. Maclaymore agrees with us, in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

OCLABBER.

By my shoul! I told him so before you came aboard.—As for ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arraha, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head.—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the archbishop of Armagh.—Didn't you know we are sworn brothers—tho' I'm his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

HEARTLY, OCLABBER, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

O Lord, fir! all the fat's in the fire.

OCLABBER.

Arrah what's a fire, honey?

BRUSH.

All our fine project gone to pot!—We may now hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.

HEARTLY.

What does the blockhead mean?

BRUSH.

One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears and storms in a breath!—

I have

I have seen Bedlam ; but an English lunatic at full moon, is a very sober animal when compared to a Frenchman in a passion.

H E A R T L Y.

I care not for his passion or power—By heaven ! he shall not offer the least violence to my Harriet, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins !—I'll assault him, though unarmed, and die in her defence.—[*Going.*

O C L A B B E R.

Won't you be easy now ?—your dying signifies nothing at all, honey ; for, if you should be killed in the fray, what excuse would you make to the young lady's relations, for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy ?—by my shoul ! you'd look very foolish.—Take no notice all, and give yourself no trouble about the matter—and if he should ravish your mistress, by my salvation ! I would take upon me to put him under arrest.

H E A R T L Y.

The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage !

O C L A B B E R.

OCLABBER.

Devil confound me! but I'd never desire a better joke—Och then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him—you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

HEARTLY.

Distraction!—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

BRUSH.

Zooks! fir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of?—Ravish!—An atomy like that pretend to ravish! No, no: he'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already.—Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name, to take care of yourself: for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

OCLABBER.

O' my conscience, a very sensible young woman! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to
wish

with one of them away.—Come along with me, honey; we'll hold a council of war with ensign Mac-laymore—perhaps he may contrive means to part you.—No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

BRUSH.

Soldierly or unfoldierly, it signifies not a button—so we do but escape, I shall be glad to get away at any rate even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you, my dear! you're a wag—Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore escaped from the gallows?—By my shoul! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*.—Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

HEARTLY.

I'm so confounded and perplexed in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Arrah faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wifer heads,—For my own part, I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng;
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A great noise and bustle behind the scenes.

MACLAYMORE, CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON running upon the stage in a ridiculous dishabille.

PRENEZ garde qu'elle ne vous echappe! —aux armes! —Monf. le Second —contre maitre —la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

MACLAYMORE.

[Overturning him as if through mistake.]

As I fall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft! —deel flap out your een! I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah meutrier! assassins! vous avez tué votre commandant! —holla ho! mes gens, a moi.

MACLAYMORE.

Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worri-

M

cow!

cow!—Preserve us a'! it's the vara mon—weel I wot, Sir, I'm right sorry to find you in sic a pickle—but wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

CHAMPIGNON.

[*Rising.*

Ventre faingris! my whole brain be dérangée! —
traître! you be in de complot.

MACLAYMORE.

Traiter! me nae traiter, Mester Champignon, or gude
faith! you and I man ha' our kail through the reek.

CHAMPIGNON.

Were be de prisoniers?—tell a me dat—ha!—mort
de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau!—de prise! de prisoniers!
—sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses! rendez moi les
prisoniers—you be de enseigne, you be de officier.

MACLAYMORE.

Troth, I ken foo weel I'm an officer—I wuf some
other people who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd the
respect due to an officer, we should na be fashed with a'
this din.

CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON.

Tell a me au moment, were be Monsieur Artlie?
were be de prisoniers? wat you beat my brains wid your
sottises?

MACLAYMORE.

Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man
tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my
charge, and sae ye may gang and leuk after him—and
as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain
valet, whom you ordered to be put in irons this morn-
ing for supping part of your bouillon, and if the poor
fallow had na done the deed I think he must have
starved for want of victuals.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! Monsieur Maclaire, you distraite me wid
your babil.—I demand de Englis prisoniers—m'enten-
dez vous?

MACLAYMORE.

Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien—there
was nae English prisoner here—for I man tell you, Sir,
that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*—

or *Puffendorf de officio Hominis & Civis*—ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obses* or *vades*—for what? ye'll say—because he was na teuk *flagrante bello*—*ergo* he was nae prifoner of war—now what fays the learned Puffendorf?

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu! you be one impertinent.

MACLAYMORE.

What, what! — that's a paughty word, Sir — that's nae langage for a gentleman—nae mair o'that, or gude faith we'll forget where we are.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! you ave forget dat I be your general—your chief.

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul, mon! that's strange news indeed—You my chief! you chief of the Maclaymores!

CHAMPIGNON.

Oui, moi, rustre—moi qui vous parle.

I

MACLAYMORE.

MACLAYMORE.

Donna rustre me, Sir, or deel dam my faul, but I'll wraist your head aff your shoulders, if ye was the best Champignon in France.

[They draw and fight.]

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, CHAMPIGNON, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you my lads! what's the maining of all this disturbance?—o' my conscience! there's no such thing as resting below—a man would lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea—I've been a bed these tree hours, but I could not close an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell asleep. *[Pretending to discover Champignon.]* Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? what is it your ownself Monsieur de Champignon, going to attack my ensign?—by my shoul! that's not so shivil now, aboard of your own ship. Gentlemen, I put you both under arrest in the king's name—you shall see one another locked in your cabins with your own hands; and then, if you cut one another's throats, by the blessed virgin!

M 3

you

you shall be brought to a court martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

MACLAMORE. [*Sheathing his sword.*

Weel, weel, Sir,—ye're my commanding officer—*tuum est imperare*—but, he and I fall meet before mountains meet—that's a'.

CHAMPIGNON TO OCLABBER.

Vat! you presume to entremettre in mes affaires d'honneur—you have de hardiesse to dispute wid me de command of dis vaisseau de guerre?—tell a me if you know my condition, ha?

OCLABBER.

Indeed, indeed my dear, I believe your present condition is not very favourable—but, if ensign Maclaymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse—and yet upon my conscience! I have seen a man command such a frigate as this, without any head at all.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monfieur O-claw-bear, you mocquez de moi—you not seem to know my noblesse—dat I descend of de
bonne

bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable cotte—de cotte of antiquité.

OCLABBER.

By my shoul! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was threadbare, and out at elbows.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! la mauvaise plaisanterie.—Daignez, my goot lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

OCLABBER.

Och! I beg you chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne—and by my shoul! a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for, it stood always uncovered: and never refused entrance to any passenger, even though it were the wind and the rain, gra.

CHAMPIGNON.

You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

M 4

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

By Shaint Patrick! I know them as well as the father that bore them—your nephew is a begging-brother of the order of Shaint Francis—Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent savatier in the county of Bearne; and your own shelf, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan: then served the Count de Bardasch for your diversion; and now by the King's favour, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

CHAMPIGNON,

Ah quelle medifance!—que vous imaginez bien Monsieur—but, I vill represent your conduit to des marchaux of France: and dey vill convince you dat Monsieur de Champignon is one personne of some consideration—un charlatan!—mardy! dat be ver plaissant.—Messieurs, serviteur—I go to give de necessaires ordres pour rattraper de Englis chaloupe—jusque au revoir—Charlatan!—Savatier!—Morte de ma vie, [Exit,

SCENE III.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, you'll see the chaloupe far enough out of sight, by this time,

MAC-

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul ! captain, ye sent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet—He 'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang sow by the lug.

OCLABBER.

If he will be after playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls—pooh ! I main, he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers—arra man deaul ! that's not the thing neither—but, you know my maining, as the saying is

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot, aye—I've warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my parts pretty weel for a beginner.

OCLABBER.

For a beginner !—Devil fetch me ! but you played like a man that jokes in earnest—but your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you—and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

Mac-

MACLAYMORE.

Let that flie flick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out—but, now we man tak care of the poor waff lassie that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

OCLABBER.

I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

MACLAYMORE

It's now break of day—donna ye see the bonny grey-eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig?—We'll e'en gang down and tak a tasse of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Lord! I'm in such a flutter—What was the meaning of all that noise?—Brush, are you sure you master is out of all danger of being re-taken?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Yes, yes, Madam, safe enough for this bout—The two land officers performed their parts to a miracle—My master and our people slipped into the boat, without being disturbed by the centries who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight, before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake—but, now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England—I'm sure, I sent many a wishful look after them.

HARRIET.

What! you are sorry then for having stayed behind with me?

BRUSH.

O! by no manner of means, Ma'am—to be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in desiring that I might be left, when you spoke to my Master through the barricado—but, yet, Ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr. Heartly, Ma'am, that I should be glad to share all his dangers, Ma'am—though after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in
him

him to leave his mistress, and faithful servant in such a dilemma.

HARRIET.

Nay, don't accuse your master unjustly—you know how unwillingly he complied with my request—we could not guess what villainous steps this fellow, Champignon, might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr. Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

BRUSH.

Well—heaven grant him success, and that speedily—for my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence—If I had broke my leg two days ago, I should n't have been in this quandary—God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

HARRIET.

Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage—I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I see the captain coming this way—I must bear the brunt of another storm.

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Odso! I'll run down to Lieutenant Oclabber, and his ensign, and give them notice, in case there should be occasion to interpose. *[Exit Brush.]*

SCENE V.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you pardon my presumption, dat I pay my devoirs, in dishabille—bot it be all for your service—Monfieur your amant ave decampé sans façon—I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure de plaisir of seeing him again—Ah! he be de gallant homme to abandon his maitresse!

HARRIET.

Is there no possibility of bringing him back?

CHAMPIGNON.

By gar! it be tout a fait impossible—he steal comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité!

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

I'm heartily glad to hear it!

CHAMPIGNON.

For vat you be glad, my princess, ha?

HARRIET.

That he's no longer in your power.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—juste ciel!—how you make me happy to see you glad, Madame! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif—if we rencontre again, revanche! revanche! la, la, la, ra, ra—Permettez donc, Madame, dat I ave de honeur to languisse before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my sword—plongez dans my bosom.—Ah! larron! perfide!—la, la, la, ra, ra.

[He sings, kneels, and dances by turns.]

Monfieur Artlie is not in my power—bon!—but, by gar! Madame, you know who is, hah!

HARRIET.

As for me, my sex protects me—I am here indeed, a prisoner and alone; but you will not, you dare not treat me with indignity.

CHAM-

CHAMPIGNON.

Dare not!—Bravo—Shew to me de man vil say I dare
not—ça—ha—hah! [Capers about.

HARRIET.

You're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should
want music—Shall I sing you a song?

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle!—you gouverne vid soverain empire over
my art—you rouse me into one storm—you sing me into
one calm.

S O N G.

I.

Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shewn;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon o'erblown.

II.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

III,

HARRIET.

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III,

III.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

SCENE VI.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

News! news! there's an English man of war's boat
along-side, with a flag of truce.

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment!—Madame, you-ave de bonté to retire to
your cabane—I go dress myself, and give de audience.

[Exit Champignon.]

SCENE VII.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Brush! Brush! how my little heart palpitates with
fear and suspense!—What does the arrival of this boat
portend?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Our deliverance from the hands of the philistines, I hope—it could not arrive at a more seasonable juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged—not that I'm so much concerned on my own account, Ma'am—but, I can't be insensible to your danger, Ma'am—I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not feel for one that is so dear to Mr. Heartly, Ma'am.

HARRIET.

Really, Mr. Brush, you seem to have improved mightily in politeness, since you lived among these French gentlemen.

BRUSH.

Lived, Ma'am!—I have been dying hourly since I came aboard; and that politeness which you are pleased to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but sneaking fear and hen-heartedness, which I believe (God forgive me) is the true source of all French politeness; a kind of poverty of spirit, or want of sincerity—I should be very proud to be drubbed in England for my insolence and ill-breeding.

N

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll soon be drubbed to your heart's content—When we revisit our own country, you shall have all my interest towards the accomplishment of your wish—mean while do me the favour to make further inquiry about this same flag of truce, and bring an account of what shall pass, to my cabin, where I shall wait for you with the utmost impatience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

BLOCK, and another seaman.

BLOCK.

Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieutenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder—nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying it—we shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money—if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'um.—Mind that there scarecrow—see how his cloth hangs in the wind—Adzooks! the fellow has got no stowage—he's all upper-work and head-fail—I'll be damn'd if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

To

To him BRUSH.

Heh?—how!—no sure!—Yes faith but it is—Odso!
cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among
the French?

BLOCK.

What chear ho?—How does mother Margery?—
meet me among the French! Agad! I'd never desire
better pastime than to be among 'em with a good cutlash
in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle—
Why look you, brother, hearing as how you and your
mistress were wind-bound, we are come along side to
tow you into the offing.

BRUSH.

The Lord reward you, cousin—but, what if this
damned Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

BLOCK.

Why then, lieutenant Lyon is a cruising to windward
of that there head-land—he'll be along side in half a
glass, fall under your stern, clap his helm a starboard,
rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman and
every soul on board to the devil in the turning of an
handspike.

N 2

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

The devil he will!—but cousin, what must become of me then?

BLOCK.

Thereafter as it may be—You must take your hap, I do suppose—we failors never mind those things—every shot has its commiffion, d'ye see—we must all die one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

BRUSH.

O! curse your comfort.

BLOCK.

Heark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—have you picked up never a runlet along shore?—What d'ye say to a slug?

BRUSH.

Slug!—O, I understand you—

[Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.]

BLOCK.

Right Nantz, strike my top-fails!—Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's

glishman's constitution.—Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains—This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French. An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother—but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy—No more keg, no more courage.

BRUSH.

T'other pull, cousin.

BLOCK.

Avast, avast—no more canvas than we can carry—we know the trim of our own vessel—Smite my cross trees! We begin to yaw already—Hiccup.—

BRUSH.

Odso! our commander is coming upon deck to give audience to your midshipman.

BLOCK.

Steady.

Exeunt.

N 3

SCENE

SCENE IX.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE,
BRUSH, TOM HAULYARD an English midship-
man.

CHAMPIGNON.

Eh bien, Monsieur, qui fouhaite il ?

HAULYARD.

Anan—Monseer sweat ye!—Agad ! I believe, if we
come along side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

MACLAYMORE.

That's mair than ye can tell, my lad—ye may gar
me sweet with fetching; but it's no in your breeks to
gar me sweet with fear.

OCLABBER.

You may sweat me after I'm dead, honey—but, by
the blessed virgin ! you shall not sweat me alive—and
so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

HAULYARD.

If it wa'n't for such as you that shew your own
country the fore top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and
man

man their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to shew their colours at sea—but howsomever, we'll leave that bowling i' the block, as the saying is—if so be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat, belonging to one Mr. Heartly of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mardy! de commission be very peremtoire!—ecoute mon ami, vat you call Monsieur your commandant?

HAULYARD.

I don't take in your palaver, not I—and mayhap, you don't know my lingo; but, agad! we'll soon make you understand plain English.

OCLABBER.

Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

HAULYARD.

Who should it be, but lieftenant Lyon of the Triton man of war of fixty guns! as bold a heart as ever crack'd biscuit.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—suppose dat I refuse de command of Monsieur Lionne?

HAULYARD.

Suppose!—if you do, he'll run you along side, yard-arm and yard-arm, and blow you out of the water; that's all.

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar! he vill find himself mistaken; here is not vater for one sixty gun ship—(*aside*) Hearn you me, Monsieur, vat is your name, tell Monsieur Lionne dat I am called Michel Sanfon Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau—dat I ave de honeur to serve de king—dat fear be one begattelle of wich I have de mepris—dat I regard you ambassade as de galimatias—dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre; and dat if Monsf. Lionne be disposed to rendre moi un visite, I shall ave de gloire to chastise his presumption; so I permitte you go your way.

MACLAYMORE.

Dissentio—bide you Billy—there's nae clerk here I trow—weel, lieutenant Oclabber, I tak instruments

in

in your haund against the proceedings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarcerate the English ledly, contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now, cocky, ye may gang about your business; when ye come back, I'll teauk with you in another style.

OCLABBER.

For my own part, honey, I shall be after shewing you some diversion in the way of my duty; but I taake you to witness that I have no hand in detaining the lady wo is plaised to favour us with her company against her own consent, gra.

HAULYARD.

Mayhap you may trust to your shoal water—if you do you're taken all aback, brother: for, lieutenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns and fifty stout hands, that draws less than this here frigate by the streak? and—heh!—agad! yonder she comes round the point with a flowing fail—b'w'ye Monseer Champignon! all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer and I will taste some of your soup meagre by that time you pipe to dinner. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mort de ma vie ! je ne vous attendois par fitot, a quelle coté faut il que je me tourne ? sacrebleu ! [*aside.* Messieurs, I demand your conseil ; you protest against my conduite ; if you tink me ave done de injustice, you vil find me tout a fait raisonnable ; we render Made-moiselle to de Englis ; for I judge it bien mal a-propos to engage de enemî, vere de spirit of contradiction reign among ourselves.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth ! my dear, the contradiction is all over ; you have nothing to do but to station your men ; and as for Mr. Maclaymore and my own shelf, the English cannon may make our legs and arms play at loggerhead in the air, honey, but we'll stand by you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and all his works, gra.

MACLAYMORE.

MACLAYMORE.

Never fash your noddle about me : conscience ! I 'se
no be the first to cry barley.

OCLABBER.

Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o'the head, gra ; but, I'm afraid they're no better than dunghills ; for they were raised from the canaille of Paris.—And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra ; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger, you know ; and then she 'll be released without ransom.

BRUSH.

God bless you, captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady : I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance ; and though I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[*Exeunt Oclabber, Maclaymore and Brush.*]

SCENE

SCENE XI.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ventre faingris ! que ferai-je ? Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autre Anglois sont si precipités ! que diable les etouffe. Allons ! Aux armes ! matelots—mes enfans ! chardon—chifon—ortie—fumiere—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes !

[A crew of tatterdemalions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musquetry.]

Ah mon bon dieu ! ayez pitié de moi encore—qu' on m' apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miserable pecheur !—je suis mort ! —je suis enterré ! —ah ! voila assez mes enfans—cessez—defistez—il faut amener—Monsieur O-claw-bear—lieutenant O-claw-bear !

SCENE XII.

OCLABBER.

Holloa !

[Behind the scenes.]

CHAMPIGNON.

Laissez—laissez—leave off your fire—de ennemi be too strong —we ave abaissée le drapeau—I command you leave off—

OCLABBER,

OCLABBER.

Leave off! arrah for what?

CHAMPIGNON.

De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn your quarter! — what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd? — The men are lying along the deck like so many paise; and there is such an abominable stench, gra—by my shoul! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

[Coming upon the stage.]

Arrah mon deaul! I believe the English have made a compact with the devil to do such execution; for my ensign has lost all his men too but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecastle sword in hand.

BRUSH.

[In great trepidation.]

O Lord! Mr. Oclabber, your ensign is playing the devil—hacking and hewing about him like a fury; for the love of God interpose, my master is come aboard, and if they should meet there will be murder.

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

By my shoul! I know he has a regard for Mr. Heartly, and if he kills him it will be in the way of friendship, honey—howsomever, if there's any mischief done I'll go and prevent it. *[Exit Oclabber.]*

SCENE XIII.

CHAMPIGNON, Lieutenant LYON, HEARTLY, HAULYARD, BRUSH, BLOCK, and English sailors.

CHAMPIGNON.

[Throwing himself on his knees and presenting his sword.]

Ah! misericorde, Monsieur Amlic, quartier—quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu!

HEARTLY.

I have no time to mind such trifles—where is my Harriet?

BRUSH.

I'll shew you the way to the poor solitary pigeon—master, this is a happy day!

[Exeunt Heartly and Brush.]

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, Lieutenant
LYON, HAULYARD, CHAMPIGNON, &c.

OCLABBER.

[*Delivering his sword.*]

Gentlemen, your's is the fortune of the day. You ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very little trouble.—Our commander there, is a very shivil person, gra; he don't turst after the blood of his enemy. As for the foldiers, I shall say nothing; but upon my shoul! now they're the nimblest dead men I ever saw in the days of my life! about two minutes agoe they were lying like so many slaughtered sheep, and now they are all scamper'd off about their business.

MACLAYMORE.

As I fall answer, it's a black burning shame! and I hope the king will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem*.

OCLABBER.

By my shalvation! if the king will take my advice, every single man of them shall be decimated.

SCENE

SCENE the last.

To them HEARTLY, leading in HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

[Embracing Oclabber and Maclaymore.]

Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an opportunity to return, in some measure, the civilities you have shewn to this young lady. Mr. Lyon, I beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they were in no shape accessory to our grievances.

OCLABBER.

[Receiving his sword.]

Mr. Lyon, you're extraimly polite; and I hope I shall never die till I have an opportunity to return the compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of our misfortune, with all my shoul.

LYON.

I a'n't used to make speeches, Madam, but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old school-fellow, Heartly, is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair-weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't shew a commission authorizing him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's

yard's arm by the neck as a pirate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, though not before he has restored what he pilfered from you and Mr. Heartly.

HARRIET.

At that rate I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; "Hanging and marriage go by destiny:" yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable not worth your revanche.

Enter BLOCK drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.

BLOCK.

Thus and no near—bear a hand, my hearts—

[Lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of Champignon's clothes.]

By your leave, Tinsey — Odds heart! these braces are so tort, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is.

O

LYON.

LYON.

Ahey!—what the devil have we got here? how now, Block?

BLOCK.

All's fair plunder between decks—we ha'n't broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon over-haul the rest of the cargo.

[Pulls out a long leather queue with red ribbons.]
What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—s'blood the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.

[The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvas skirt, with very fine laced ruffles.]

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all gingerbread-work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottennesses alow.

[Draws out a plume of feathers.]

Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that, like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—Hark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigg'd with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledg'd no wonder they are so ready to fly.

[Finds a pocket-glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.]

Swing the swivel-ey'd son of a whore! he fights under

false colours, like a pirate—here's a lubberly dog, he dares not shew his own face to the weather.

CHAMPIGNON:

Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

LYON.
BLOCK.

Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the French is to spare all their Shampinions—Odd's heart! I wou'd all their commanders were of your trim brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

LYON.

But in the mean time I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

BLOCK.

Swab! I did swab the forecastle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

LYON.

None of your jaw, you lubber.

BLOCK.

Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the

service of Old England—but go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul—I have seen the day when thou would'st have shewn thy colours with the best o'un.

LYON.

Peace, porpuss.

BLOCK.

I am a porpuss; for I spout salt-water, d'ye see. I'll be damn'd if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps a going.

HARRIET.

Come, Mr. Block, I must make you friends with lieutenant Lyon.—As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

BLOCK.

Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess, as how, he's as brisk a seaman as ever greas'd a marlinpike—I'll turn 'un a-drift with e'er a he that reefed a foresail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet sail, as the saying is—and as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

HARRIET,

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you 'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

BLOCK.

I doubt a must be hove down first, keel out of the water, mistress, and be well scrubbed, d'ye see—then a may to see when a wool, and hoist the Union flag.—Stand clear, John Frenchman—"The Royal Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the waves," as the song goes.

LYON.

And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monsieur Lionne, I ave not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a littel exceed my orders, which were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

HEARTLY.

Well—I'm persuaded Mr. Lyon will not be very severe in his scrutiny; and, to shew that we Englishmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my mistress; but in

other respects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

LYON.

I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly.—I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness—but there are Champignon's in every service—While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities: when she breaks her treaties and grows insolent we will drub her over to her good behaviour—Jack Haulyard, you have got a song to the purpose that won't, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

S O N G.

I.

Behold! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,
Fill a bumper and tofs off your glasses:
Buds and part with your frolicksome lasses;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

II.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
 Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
 And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
 Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

III.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
 We must mind other musick than catches;
 Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
 Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

IV.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
 British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
 Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
 So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
 And English courage fires our souls;
 To crown our toils, the fates decree
 The wealth and empire of the sea.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

AYE—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank heaven, on English ground—
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallic ass—
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soupe—maigre:
To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr;
But heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a tartar,
Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.—

*Ye wits above restrain your awful thunder :
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,*

[To the gal.

*Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below,*

[To the pit.

*The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more christian cause,
He craves not mercy ; but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,*

[Looking round the house.

*And hollow groans portend the approaching storm :
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,*

[To the gal.

And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble,

[To the pit.

He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

To the

This from your friend
 who is not a friend at all

1947-1948

On the subject of a more efficient way of

1870

Indust. & agric. machinery and various other

It is not certain whether the

11. [Illegible text]

A D V I C E,
A N D
R E P R O O F:
T W O
S A T I R E S.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1746 AND 1747

————— Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ. ———
O Proceres ! censure opus est an haruspice nobis ?

JUVENAL.

————— nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem ?

Ibid.

A D V I C E

A N D

R E P O R T

T W O

S A T I R E

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1740 AND 1741

By the Author

Of the History and Present State of the

Province of

the

Province of

the

1741

A D V I C E:

S A T I R E.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:

And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!

From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose; 5

Divorc'd, all hell shall not re-tie the noose!

Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,

Not Cope fly swifter, lashing for his life;

3. Not Cope fly swifter.] A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

F R I E N D.

Exert your talents ; nature, ever kind, 10
 Enough for happiness, bestows on all ;
 'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small——
 Why sleeps the muse ?—is there no room for praise,
 When such bright names in constellation blaze ?
 When sage Newcastle, abstinently great, 15
 Neglects his food to cater for the state ;
 And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
 So well rewards a genius like his own :
 Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name
 For sober dignity and spotless fame ; 20

15 When sage Newcastle, &c.] Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

17. And Grafton tow'ring Atlas of the throne, &c.] This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colly Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

19. Granville and Bath, &c.] Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

Or

Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel yet unsung :
Thy candour, Chomdly ! and thy truth, O Younge !

P O E T.

Th' advice is good ; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together ?
But what of that ? the more the bard shall claim, 25
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse th' ingag'd attention of the great
Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum ; 30

21. Or Pitt, the unshaken Abdiel, &c.] Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,

Unshaken, unseduced, untterrify'd—

29. Amus'd, perhaps with C——'s prolific bum.] This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest ; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

30. Transports of a drum ;] This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds ; not unaptly stiled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

While

While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
 Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
 Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell ;
 Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of hell.
 Ev'n Atticus, (so wills the voice of fate) 35
 Inshrines in clouded majesty, his state ;
 Nor to th' adoring croud vouchsafes regard,
 Tho' priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
 Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
 And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe ? 40
 Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
 With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie !
 A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
 Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth ;
 While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, 45
 And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away ;
 'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
 The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot !
 Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state !
 Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat, 50
 Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
 Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow ?
 A steady blow ! his languid soul to feast ;
 And rid his country of one curse at least !

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

What! turn affassin?

POET.

Let th' affassin bleed: 55

My fearless verse shall justify the deed.

'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,

Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey;

Perverts the race of virtue just begun,

And stabs the public in her ruin'd son. 60

FRIEND.

Heav'ns how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!

If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;

Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:

The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.

Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd, 65

And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.

Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;

And minister to him who serves a slave:

Be sure you fasten on Promotion's scale;

Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail: 70

62. Lockman's fate.] To be little read, and less approved.

P

Th'

Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
 From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer.
 Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
 Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides ;
 Here doom'd, if nature strung his finewy frame, 75
 The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame ;
 But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
 A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil ;
 There shall he shine, with ming'ling honours bright,
 His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite ; 80
 Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
 And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star :
 Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
 Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure ;
 His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary, 85
 Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary :
 Compos'd of falshood, ignorance, and pride,
 A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d :

88. A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d :] This child of dirt,
 (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than
 grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters
 every day.

And

And won from kennels to th' impure imbrace,
Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace. 90

P O E T.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground !
A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains !
Pollio ! the pride of science and its shame, 95
The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name !
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom !
There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow, 100
Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury :
Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head,
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead ;

90. Accomplish'd Warren.] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications ; commonly called Bruſt Warren, from having been a shoe-black : it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

103. Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head.] This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients ; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

“ Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write, 105

“ And kept, like me, two boys array’d in white.”

Worthy to feel that appetite of fame

Which rivals Horace only in his shame !

Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs,

Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons ; 110

While dullness screens the failings of the church,

Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch :

Far other raptures let the breast contain,

Where heav’n-born taste and emulation reign.

F R I E N D.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone 115

In thy strict censure for the breach of one ?

If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,

His bounty feeds the beggar at his door :

109. Let Isis wail in murmurs as she runs, &c.] In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

111. While dullness screens, &c.] This is a decent and parental office, in which dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety, which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

And

And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
 A score of lacquies fatten at his board : 125
 To christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
 And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

P O E T.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
 Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
 But if an impious wretch with frantic pride, 125
 Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,
 If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
 He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
 Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
 And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130
 What if arous'd at his imperious call,
 An hundred foot-steps echo through his hall;
 And on high columns rear'd his lofty dome
 Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
 What tho' whole hecatombs his crew regale, 135
 And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale;
 While the remains through mouths unnumber'd pass,
 Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
 Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
 Or pomp'ous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140

These sons of sloth who by profusion thrive,

His pride inveigled from the public hive :

And numbers pine in solitary woe,

Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.

When silent misery assail'd his eyes,

145

Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize ?

Or his extensive charity pervade

To those who languish in the barren shade,

Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,

The bootless talent warms the lonely breast ?

150

No ! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,

Beyond the feeling of another's pain,

The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,

Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh !

F R I E N D.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,

155

If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

P O E T.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn,

Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn !—

What new resource ?

F R I E N D.

F R I E N D.

A thousand yet remain

That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain : 160
 These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care ?
 Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair :
 Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
 The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie ;
 All merit mock, all qualities deprefs, 165
 Save those that grace th' excelling patroness ;
 Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,
 And heard with joy, by defamation praise :
 To this collect each faculty of face,
 And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace ; 170
 Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
 The smutty joke ridiculously lewd ;
 And the loud laugh thro' all its changes rung,
 Applaud th' abortive fallies of her tongue :
 Enroll'd a member in the sacred list, 175
 Soon shalt thou sharp in company, at whist ;
 Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
 Priest of her love, and dæmon of her hate.

177. Her midnight rites, &c.] These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only ; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them : we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

P O E T.

But say, what recompence for all this waste
 Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste? 180
 To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,
 And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?
 Again shall Handel raise his laurel'd brow,
 Again shall harmony with rapture glow!
 The spells dissolve, the combination breaks 185
 And Punch no longer Frafi's rival squeaks.
 Lo, Russel falls a sacrifice to whim,
 And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:
 With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
 And sees their favour like a vision fade! 190

187. Lo, Russel falls, &c.] A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expence they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much sollicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

Is this, ye faithless Syrens!—this the joy
 To which, your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
 Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
 His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
 Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye! 195
 Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lye!
 Behold his gay career to ruin run,
 By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone!
 Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
 My muse with murders shall the town alarm; 200
 Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
 And snarl like Gutherie for the public weal,
 Than crawl an insect, in a Beldame's power,
 And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style, 205
 And, like the envious adder, lick the file:
 What tho' success will not attend on all!
 Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.

199. Rather in garret, &c.] These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

206. And, like the envious adder, lick the file.] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Behold

Behold the bounteous board of Fortune spread ;
 Each weakness, Vice and Folly yields thee bread ; 210
 Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive
 On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

P O E T.

What ! join the crew that pilfer one another,
 Betray my friend, and persecute my brother :
 Turn usurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood, 220
 Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood ?

F R I E N D.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
 Some changeling heiress steal——

P O E T.

Why not a purse ?
 Two things I dread, my Conscience and the Law.

F R I E N D.

How ? dread a mumbling bear without a claw ? 225
 Nor this, nor that is standard right or wrong,
 'Till minted by the mercenary tongue,
 And what is Conscience, but a fiend of Strife,
 That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life ?

The wayward child of Vanity and Fear, 230
 The peevish dam of Poverty and Care;
 Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
 That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

P O E T.

Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
 Fair source of mental peace, what e'er betide; 235
 Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
 Eternal hurricanes around my soul;
 My soul serene, amidst the storms shall reign,
 And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

F R I E N D.

* Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve, 240
 Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

P O E T.

No;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;
 And moral rage, heroic courage lend
 To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
 And win renown by some distinguish'd blow. 245

* This, surely, occasioned Churchill's

" Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lye,"

FRIEND,

FRIEND.

Renown ! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
 Of military cowards on thy back.
 What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
 And him who fought the bosom of the wood ?
 Invenom'd calumny the first shall brand, 250
 The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
 And long to quit th' unhospitable shore.

248. What difference say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
 249. And him who fought the bosom of the wood?] This
 last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion,
 who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat
 of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

REPROOF:

R E P R O O F:

A

S A T I R E.

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECEIVED
JAN 11 1900
U. S. NAVY
DEPT. OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

R E P R O O F:

A

S A T I R E.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wherefoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good heav'n! what dæmon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injur'd friend!—who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?

Did

Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
 Your int'rest prop me, or your purse relieve? 10
 Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
 That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
 But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
 Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:
 Among your kindred have I kindled strife, 15
 Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
 Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
 Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

F R I E N D.

No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
 Expos'd my private counsel to the town. 20

P O E T.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
 I grant I printed it for public use.

F R I E N D.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
 Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
 That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due) 25
 Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

P O E T.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth

That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!

Prove that my partial strain adopts one lye,

No penitent more mortify'd than I;

30

Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan

Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamson *.

F R I E N D.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—

† The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

P O E T.

What then?

F R I E N D.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay,

35

That brands him as a trembling runaway.

P O E T.

With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse;

I'll own my error and expunge the verse.

* Governor of the Tower.

† Sir John Cope.

Q

Come,

Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
 The world allows the race was fairly run. 40
 But lest the truth too naked should appear,
 A robe of fable shall the goddess wear :
 When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
 Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
 Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks, 45
 Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks :
 The suff'rers crouding round the royal cave,
 Their monarch's pity and protection crave :
 Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
 To shield their lambs from danger and alarms ; 50
 A thousand rams the champions of the fold,
 In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
 Engag'd in firm association, stood
 Their lives devoted to the public good :
 A warlike chieftain was their sole request, 55
 To marshal, guide, instruct and rule the rest :
 Their pray'r was heard, and by consent of all,
 A courtier ape appointed general.—
 He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
 The savage foe came pouring like a flood ; 60
 Then pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
 Nor deign'd, in threescore miles, to look behind ;
 While

While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
 And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
 The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short), 65
 With all his speed could not out-run Report;
 And to appease the clamours of the nation,
 'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
 The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
 All senior members of the horned race.— 70
 The weather, goat, ram, elk and ox were there,
 And a grave, hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
 Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
 The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
 At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest, 75
 And pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.—

70. Horned race.] It is not to be wondered at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signaling themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Q. 2.

If

If age, that from this head its honours stole,
 Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
 But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
 While this weak frame decays, matures my thought; 80
 Th' important issue of this grand debate
 May furnish precedent for your own fate;
 Should ever fortune call you to repel
 The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
 'Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape 85
 From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
 Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
 If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
 Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
 Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave. 90
 Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
 And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
 Th' admiring court applauds the president,
 And pug was clear'd by general consent.

F R I E N D.

There needs no magic to divine your scope, 95
 Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope;
 Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
 Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:

Let

Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.— 100

P O E T.

Hail sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my fight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread, 105
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song.
Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay; 110
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise 115
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;

108. Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song.] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Crassum unguentum, et sardo cum melle papaver.*

110. Stanhope's worth.] The earl of Chesterfield.

Else should the venerable patriot stand
 Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
 The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue :
 And bring fair Virtue's triumphs to the view ! 120
 Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
 From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
 But lo ! a swarm of harpies intervene,
 To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene !
 Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil, 125
 Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle ;
 Infatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
 Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck ;
 While griping Jasper glories in his prize,
 Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries. 130

122. Melting Scot.] Daniel Mackercher, Esq; a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress : Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

126. Gideon, Lascelles, Vaneck.] A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

129. Griping Jasper.] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

P O E T.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
Corruption roll'd in a triumphant car, 135
Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle, carefs'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball; 140
Where peers attentive listen and adore,
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;
Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge
For the vile tribes of usurers and bites, 145
Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's.

139. The leering belle.] A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

143. Peter's obsequies.] Peter Waters, Esq; whose character is too well known to need description.

Each low pursuit, and flighter folly bred
 Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
 Thrives uncontroll'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
 Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand : 150
 While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
 By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold ;
 I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
 And feast upon the terrors of his soul ;
 The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, 155
 That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep ;
 Insolvent debtors, thieves and civil strife,
 Which daily persecute his wretched life ;
 With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
 That rack his bosom while the mail is read. 160
 Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
 A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
 While the young lordling struts in native pride,
 His party-coloured tutor by his side,

164. His party-coloured tutor.] Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not : but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care, 165

Who to the brawny fire commits her heir.

Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,

Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,

Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,

While his brain spues new monsters to the croud; 170

I see with joy, the vaticide deplore

An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.

Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord

Employ the social chair, and venal board;

170. Spues new monsters to the croud.] Monsters of absurdity.

"He look'd, and saw a sable forc'er rise,

"Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:

"All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,

"And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.

"Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,

"Gods, imps and monsters, music, rage and mirth,

"A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,

"Till one wide conflagration swallows all."

DUNCIAD.

174. Employ the social chair.] This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

174. Venal board.] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Debauch'd

Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run, 175

The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;

While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards

The gig'ling minx half choak'd behind her cards:

These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem

The motley spawn of ignorance and whim. 180

Let pride conceive and folly propagate,

The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:

Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;

By this dishonour ceases to be shame:

This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawly's face, 185

Gives Hawley praise and Ingoldsby disgrace,

From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,

A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!

And may (should taste a little more decline)

Transform the nation to an herd of swine. 190

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!

Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;

186. Hawley praise.] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

Thy

Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,
 The keenest appetites have loath'd the song;
 Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby and Chitty, 195
 And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city;
 While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
 Alike averse to censure or commend,

P O E T.

Peace to the gentle soul, that could deny
 His invocated voice to fill the cry! 200
 And let me still the sentiment disdain
 Of him, who never speaks but to arraign;
 The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
 Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
 Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank, 205
 Tho' conscious of his own internal blank,
 His want of taste unwilling to betray,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
 With brow contracted hears each passage read,
 And often hums and shakes his empty head; 210

195. Clark, Banks, Barrowby, Chitty.] A fraternity of wits,
 whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

Until

Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
 The passive bard a poet or a dunce ;
 Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,
 'Tis bold ! insipid—soaring or absurd.
 These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry, 215
 That nibble round, I pity and defy.

THE
TEARS
OF

SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

I.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,

Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;

Thy hospitable roofs no more,

Invite the stranger to the door;

In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,

The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner fees afar

His all become the prey of war;

Bethinks

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
 Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day :
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,

While

While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons, against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

VII.

VII.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate,
 Within my filial breast shall beat;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:
 "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

VERSES

V E R S E S

A Y O U N G L A D Y

Playing on a Harpsichord and Singing.

W H E N Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:

And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

II.

But had the nymph, possess'd with these,
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

III.

The worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

R

LOVE

L O V E E L E G Y.

In Imitation of TIBULLUS.

I.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
 Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV.

IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where Fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

V.

There leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
 A-while in silence o'er my fate repine:
 Then, with a long farewell to Love and Care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

VI.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
 Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

S O N G.

I.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,

My cautious soul essays in vain

Her peace and freedom to maintain :

Yet let that blooming form divine,

Where grace and harmony combine,

Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,

Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,

In all their pomp assail my view,

Intent my bosom to subdue ;

My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,

Not all those charms shall force to yield.

II.

But, when, invok'd to beauty's aid,

I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd ;

That soul so sensibly sedate

Amid the storms of froward fate !

Thy genius active, strong and clear,

Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe,

The

The social ardour void of art,
 That glows within thy candid heart;
 My spirits, sense and strength decay,
 My resolution dies away,
 And ev'ry faculty oppress'd,
 Almighty love invades my breast!

S O N G

I.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

II.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As Winter's dreary frost unkind,

III.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Tho' hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

IV.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

V.

V.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

VI.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

BURLESQUE ODE*,

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hap-
less Fate

From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore :

These pious arms essay'd too late,

To drive the dismal phantom from the door.

Could not thy healing drop, illustrious Quack,

Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days ;

For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack !

Thy forrels dragg'd thee thro' the worst of ways !

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain

Thy steps, tho' tended by the Cambrian maids ;

Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane ;

Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades ;

Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,

Befet with rowers dank ;

Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny fons ;

Nor where to mix with offal, soil and blood,

Steep Snow-hill rolls the fable flood ;

Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennels runs ;

* Dr. Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by Lord Lyttelton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's money on the death of his lady.

Ill doth it now beseem,
 That thou should'st doze and dream,
 When Death in mortal armour came,
 And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
 Her lib'ral hand and sympathizing breast
 The brute creation kindly blest'd :
 Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
 The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd ;
 Nor to the waddling duck-or gabbling goose,
 Did she glad sustenance refuse ;
 The strutting cock she daily fed,
 And turkey with his snout so red ;
 Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
 Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren ;
 While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
 As if she common mother were of all :

For my distracted mind,
 What comfort can I find ;
 O best of grannams ! thou art dead and gone,
 And I am left behind to weep and moan,
 To sing thy dirge in sad funereal ray,
 Ah ! woe is me ! alack ! and well-a-day !

O D E

T O

M I R T H.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him, Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smoothe the horrors of the shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.

The morning opes on high

His universal eye;

And on the world doth pour

His glories in a golden shower,

Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:

The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,

Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering
light,

Quick, as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam

That pours his purple stream

O'er the long prospect wide?

'Tis Mirth. I see her sit

In majesty of light,

With laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near

Wide waves her glancing wing in air;

And

And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,

Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer ;
No cloud that rides the blast, shall vex the troubled air.

O D E

T O

S L E E P.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,

Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,

O listen from thy calm abode,

And hither wave thy magic rod ;

Extend thy silent, soothing sway,

And charm the canker Care away.

Whether thou lov'st to glide along,

Attended by an airy throng

Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,

Such as adorn the wanton boy ;

Or to the monarch's fancy bring

Delights that better suit a king ;

The glittering host, the groaning plain,

The clang of arms, and victor's train ;

Nor

Nor should a milder vision please,
 Present the happy scenes of peace;
 Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
 Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
 Content, with brow serenely gay,
 And genial Art's refulgent ray.

O

D

E.

T O

L E V E N - W A T E R.

near Lamberton

O N Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;

I envied not the happiest swain

That ever trod the Areadian plain,

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave

My youthful limbs I wont to lave;

No torrents stain thy limpid source;

No rocks impede thy dimpling course,

That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,

With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;

While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood

In myriads cleave thy chrystal flood;

The springing trout in speckled pride;

The falmon, monarch of the tide;

The ruthless pike, intent on war;

The silver eel, and motled par.*

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gayly green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry imbrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

III

O

D

E

T O

B L U E - E Y ' D A N N .

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,

And ocean's billows cease to roll ;

When Lybian sands are bound in frost,

And cold to Nova-Zembla's lost !

When heav'nly bodies cease to move,

My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

II.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn ;

Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn ;

Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring ;

Nor parching heats the dog-star bring ;

Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,

When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

S

III.

III.

No more shall joy in hope be found ;
 Nor pleasures dance their frolick round ;
 Nor Love's light god inhabit earth ;
 Nor beauty give the passion birth ;
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
 When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

IV.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range ;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom ;
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume ;
 When Nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

O D E S.

259

O

D

E

TO

I N D E P E N D E N C E.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:

The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
 In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
 And red the stream began to flow:
 The vanquished were baptized with blood! *

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stained with human gore;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main;
 When a bold savage past that way,
 Impelled by Destiny, his name Disdain,
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
 And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
 He stopt: he gazed; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
 He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd;
 And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

* Baptized with blood.] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

STROPHE.

STROPHE.

The Curliu screamed, the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old Time exulted as he flew ;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy ;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and finewy as his fire ;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.

On desert isles * it was he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain †;
 And cities reared, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
 He, with the generous rustics, sate
 On Uri's rocks in close divan ‡;
 And winged that arrow sure as fate,
 Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

* On desert isles—] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendor.

† To burst the Iberian's double chain.] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ On Uri's rocks—] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

STROPHE.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd *,
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's Adamantine shrine;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast †!
 He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing;
 And taught amidst the dreary waste
 The all-chearing hymns of Liberty to sing.
 He Virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd thro' every baser mould,
 Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ‡.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
 My lips by him chastised to truth,
 Ne'er payed that homage which the heart denies.

* Arabia's scorching sands—] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

† And many a Tartar hord—] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

‡ And turns the dross of Corsica—] The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
 Where ever-dimpling Falshood pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest:
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
 And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
 Disquiet,

Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene ;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study shall with Solitude recline ;—
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains ;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender chord that fluttering Life sustains :
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread ;
And Industry supply the humble store ;
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed :
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chace far off the goblins of the night ;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS.

ON DR. SMOLLETT'S

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

LYRIC POETRY imitates violent and ardent passions. It is therefore bold, various, and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and forms of speech often unusual, but commonly nervous and expressive. The composition and arrangement of parts may often appear disordered, and the transitions sudden and obscure; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated passion. The foregoing ode will illustrate these observations.

The Introduction is poetical and abrupt.

“ Thy spirit, Independence, let me share !

“ Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,

“ Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,

“ Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly, and distinctly delineated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The

“ lion-

“ lion-heart and eagle-eye” suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of Independence: and the poet following with “ bosom bare” denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the votary. The last circumstance is peculiarly happy.

“ Nor heeds the storm that howls along the sky”.

It marks the scene: it is unexpected, and excites surprise: it is great and awful, and excites astonishment. Combined with the preceding circumstance, it conveys a beautiful allegorical meaning; and signifies, that a mind truly independent is superior to adversity, and unmoved by external accidents. We may observe too, in regard to the diction, that the notions of sound and motion communicated by the words “ howl” and “ along,” contribute, in a peculiar manner, to the sublimity of the description.

“ Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,

“ Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,

“ Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

These lines are written in the true spirit of Lyric poetry. Without preparing the mind by a cool artificial introduction, rising gradually to the impetuosity of passion, they assail the imagination by an abrupt and sudden impulse; they vibrate through the soul, and fire us instantaneously with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the

the poet. Many of the odes of Horace are composed in the same spirit, and produce similar effects. Without any previous argument or introduction, in the fullness of passion and imagination, he breaks out in bold, powerful, and impetuous figures.

“ Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui

“ Plenum? Quae nemora aut quos agor in specus

“ Velox mente nova?——

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem”——

The poet, full of enthusiasm and admiration, continues his prosopopeia; and, in a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, gives us the genealogy of Independence.

“ A goddess violated brought thee forth,

“ Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime

“ Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying

“ clime.”

According to the acceptance of our author, Liberty means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force: Independence is of higher import, and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. Liberty therefore is, with perfect propriety, said to be

the mother of Independence, and Disdain his father—
Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor,
and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his ma-
lice. This stern personage is strongly characterized
in the following direct description.

- “ Of ample front the portly chief appear’d :
“ The hunted bear supply’d a shaggy vest ;
“ The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
“ And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.”

Men may enjoy liberty without independence: they
may be secure in their persons and possessions, without
feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense
of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked,
they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition,
they are moved with indignation against their oppressors,
they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or
escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph,
they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by
freedom, they applaud themselves for their exertions, be-
come magnanimous and independent. There is therefore
no less propriety in deducing the origin of Independence
from Disdain and Liberty, than in fixing the æra of his
birth. The Saxons, according to our author, free,
simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the
violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of
their condition, and learned independence.

The

The education of Independence, and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was destined.

“ The light he saw in Albion’s happy plains,

“ Where under cover of a flowering thorn,

“ While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,

“ The auspicious fruit of stol’n embrace was born—

“ The mountain Dryads seized with joy,

“ The smiling infant to their charge consign’d ;

“ The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy ;

“ The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.”

The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification numerous.

Independence thus descended, and thus divinely instructed and endowed, distinguishes himself accordingly by heroic and beneficent actions.

“ Accomplish’d thus, he winged his way,

“ And zealous roved from pole to pole,

“ The rolls of right eternal to display,

“ And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.”

The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet sets out with a brief address to Independence, imploring his protection. He sees, in idea, the high object of his adoration, and, transported by an ardent and irresistible impulse, he rehearses his birth, education, and quali-

ties.

ties. He proceeds, in the second place, to celebrate his office and most renowned achievements; and returns, at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge with gratitude the protection he had requested, and the power of Independence in preserving him untainted by the debasing influences of Grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those "Minions of Fortune" who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

- " In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
- " With either India's glittering spoils oppress :
- " So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
- " That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
- " For him let venal bards disgrace the bay ;
- " And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string :
- " Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay ;
- " And all her gingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;
- " Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread, shall intervene ;
- " And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
- " In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
- " Shook from the baleful pinions of Disguft."

These

These lines, embellished by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

In the last antistrophe the poet descends from his enthusiasm; he is less impetuous; the illustrious passions that animated and impelled him are exhausted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and disordered, as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with self-approbation, soft, gentle; and composed.

FINIS.



